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World Review

INCORPORATING REVIEW OF REVIEWS

EDITED BY EDWARD HULTON

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Number Five

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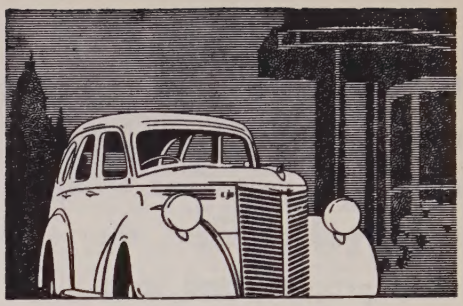

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THINKING ALOUD

THE GOSPEL OF WORK

by

A. L. Rowse

the well-known historian and Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford

For a long time now, long before the economic crisis we are caught in took shape, I have had this article, with its message, on my conscience. For I know in my bones, as someone who comes from a working-class family, has always kept contact with working people and is deeply anxious that they should do well by the country in the day of their power, that there is something wrong with them and their attitude towards work. It is not, I believe, beyond remedy; but it is very important that someone, above all one of their own, should speak out and tell them the truth, with sincerity and simplicity.

For it may be that, with regard to the plain necessity for work—for everybody to work as hard as he or she possibly can if the country is ever to recover and pull through and out of this mess—it may be that the working people will not take it from the upper and middle classes. And I believe that one of the weaknesses in the situation is that these latter feel in their heart a certain moral weakness in their position in calling upon the working class to work. It comes better, in fact it must come, from one of their own.

We have had the economists' diagnosis of the situation. But it is no good putting that to the people: something in much plainer language and more effective in practice is what is necessary. It is as simple as this:

(1) if the people of this country are not prepared to work a great deal harder than they are at present, *we shall not be able to buy the food or the raw materials we need from abroad to live on;*

(2) at a time of need like this, with a half-ruined country on our hands to repair, *it is simply disgraceful that any single person should be slacking.*

And yet we all know what the facts are, without the economists to tell us in complicated language. WE KNOW THAT THE WORKING CLASS AS A WHOLE IS NOT PULLING ITS WEIGHT. The curious thing is that they know it and complain about it themselves. They know all about the plumbers who come half a dozen times to fiddle about a job that should be done in one visit; or the masons and builders who won't come

at all, or, if they do, leave off with the job unfinished. Or the bus drivers, who because they've got some tiff on with the management, adopt a go-slow policy and hold up the buses so that there isn't a bus for half an hour on a route and then three or four will pile up together.

Tell the Truth!

THE whole lesson of the past twenty years is that it pays to tell the people the truth. If you go on kidding them along, they don't respect you. That was the fundamental mistake Conservative Governments made before the war: it landed the country in desperate danger and it was the accumulated interest of that, more than anything else, that turned the country against them in 1945. It is an extraordinary thing that now a Labour Government should be making exactly the same mistake—kidding the people along with bread and circuses, football pools and raising the school-leaving age (as if the country can afford it at such a moment!) There will come an almighty awakening for them in the form of economic catastrophe, when the American Loan, on which the country has been living, runs out. I should have thought that politics proved over and over again that it always pays to tell the people the grim unpleasant truth: they know what to be prepared for and then are ready to share it with you. For the truth is that at bottom English working people are fundamentally decent citizens and will do their duty, if told properly.

We know how things are and what is wrong. What are we to do about it? I am coming to that later. But first for two new ideas.

1. I do not think that the extent of the controls and the restrictions on enterprise, the interference with business at a thousand points, were ever intended in the Labour programme, or were a part of their conception of Socialism. They are very largely a legacy from the war, and the Government would therefore not be departing in any way from their principles in gradually freeing industry and enterprise from their shackles. They are not committed by their programme to incessant interference and control. That is not what they meant by Socialism.

During all the years when I was a Labour candidate, at Party Conference after Conference, the conception of Socialism put forward by the Party and its leaders, notably Mr. Herbert Morrison, was that of a general supervision of economic affairs at the centre in the interest of the community as a whole, a framework of national control but with the bulk of the area of economic activity left to private enterprise—inequalities to be made up by the social services. But the State not to run enterprise, or to interfere with its running; it was merely to set the general conditions: the model to follow that was always put forward by Morrison and others was that of the 'Public Corporation', and only then for a very limited number of industries, national in character. The great bulk of the area of enterprise was to remain free.

The Labour Government has been caught, coming in before even the war had ended, inheriting the whole apparatus, or most of it, of wartime controls—a kind of wartime socialism. We must in fairness recognise that some of these controls continue to be necessary owing to the stringency of our economic situation. But there is real danger that the Government and its supporters—and opponents too—will come to think that all this control

and restrictionism was intended from the first and is a necessary part of 'Socialism', whereas it was not; it has only come about as the result of the war. And there is no reason therefore why the Government should not make it its aim from now on to free enterprise as far as possible.

2. There is a most enlightening parallel here to what happened in Russia after the Soviet Revolution. Since we are caught in the difficulties involved in the transition to a new social order, there is every reason why we should profit from other people's experience and avoid the mistakes that cost them so much suffering. For the first four years after the Revolution (1917–22), Lenin kept to the programme of complete 'Wartime Communism' which was partly inherited from the controls of wartime, and partly due to rushing through the policy of nationalisation regardless of consequences.

The consequences were terrible. Industry went cranking down to complete disorganisation and decay; paralysis afflicted the whole of enterprise; incentive to work was lost throughout the economic system; famine stepped in; hundreds of thousands died of want. Even later, under Stalin, it is the upsetting and damaging of the monetary incentive to work—the simplest and most natural barometer for enterprise—that has necessitated such brutal and barbarous *compulsion* to work, the forced labour gangs, the concentration camps, the knocking people on the head and all the rest of it. And though a lot of that is simply in the Russian tradition—their history has been full of it—there is a most important lesson for the Labour Movement and its Government to learn here, if we are to avoid the slow cranking down of the economic

A. L. ROWSE

machine to inefficiency and decay with all its consequences in a declining standard of living for all the community. What is the point of all the bright blue-prints for the future if this is what is going to happen? The lesson of the Russian Revolution—and we have their experience before us as a warning—is this: if you monkey about with the monetary incentive to work, if you discourage enterprise and even things up to such an extent that nobody wants to do anything, you set going a process of economic inefficiency and decline with illimitable consequences—such as only the most drastic remedies can arrest.

Lenin had to reverse engines with the New Economic Policy in 1922: which meant a departure from the total 'War-Time Communism' that had been so disastrous, and a return to a good deal of private enterprise, the freeing of natural incentives to work, the desire of the active and energetic to see some reward for their labours. *That* set the wheels of industry going again, though

the damage done and the loss to welfare had been enormous.

Very well, we have got something very serious to learn there. There is no reason why we should make the same mistake when we have the terrible experience the Russians went through as a warning for us.

Trade Union Restrictions

One other lesson we can learn from their experience—as to the rôle of Trade Unions in a Labour State. Under a socialist, or a semi-socialised, economy there is no good purpose served by the restrictive practices of Trade Unionism. Their whole aim should be to increase production, since their possession of political power ensures that the surpluses made do not appreciably accrue to private interests any more: they are distributed by social taxation, in social services, etc., back to the people. There is, therefore, no moral justification whatever for their restricting production in any way or by any practices whatsoever: they ultimately impoverish themselves and lessen the whole community's standard of life, i.e. chiefly their own. Under the new social order the whole object of the Trade Unions should be to maximise production. No strikes, no hold-ups, no five-day or forty-hour weeks! The more work they put in, the greater the production, the more there is to go round.

II

But at what point are they going to change gear, reverse engines? The fuel crisis administered a salutary shock throughout the Labour Movement—though of course there are some people who are always unteachable. Even now it is doubtful if the Labour Party in Parliament realise that the fuel crisis was only a symptom of something far deeper and more dangerous to the whole economic machine, and that, so far from the crisis being over, it is only the beginning.

So far we are experiencing only the preliminary difficulties and draughts of a transitional social order. The difficulties become far more serious—as the Russian experience of socialisation shows—the further you go into it. I am far more worried about the attitude of the working class to the whole question of production, the problem of work and incentive, than I am by what the Government is doing. Though, of course, that is very important too, for there is nothing more dangerous than monkeying about with the incentive to work—the most ticklish thing in the whole economic mechanism—as the Government is beginning to be aware. The people, so far, not: hence the slackness everywhere, the inefficiency, the creeping paralysis going all through enterprise and all over the country.

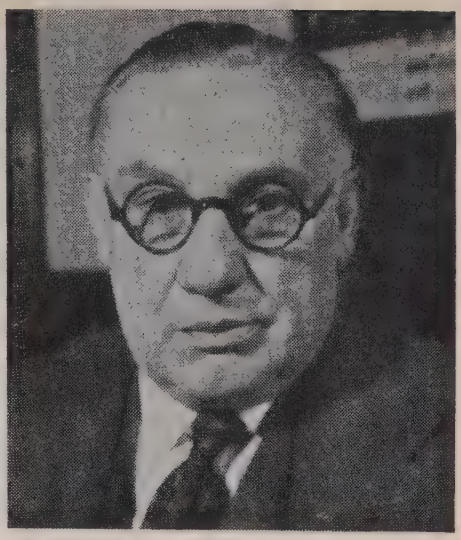
We all of us know cases of good workmen in a factory who have been made to slack off by their Trade Union because their rate of output *showed up the others*. One of my working-class relations, employed in a dockyard during the war, told me: 'You know, we do dam' all.' Think of it, slacking in the crisis of the war, when so many other good fellows' lives depended on it! We all know of the hospitals that can't get nurses. We are almost all resigned to not getting any help in the house. Nobody wants to do anything; or nobody much wants to do anything much. But the sheer economic waste of it! I know any number of professional men, whose work is highly skilled and valuable to the community, who spend far too much of their time on washing up and domestic chores.

The Government will have to keep

its eye on the whole business of incentive, watch how things are going, and take the right measures to recover the situation. One knows what some of them are. It is no use levelling things up, or rather down, so that the sheer slacker does as well as the man who is prepared to work. You only discourage the latter; you don't make the slacker work—and he ought to be made to. It is terribly important to restore and keep clear the operation of competitive rewards in a community. Only idiots believe that men will do drudgery for love—one only needs a little elementary common sense to know; the working classes don't believe it, as I know full well.

But so far neither the Government nor anybody else has had the confidence to tell the working classes the plain truth about work and drudgery. Sooner or later they have got to be told. So many people feel a moral weakness, a mistaken delicacy if you like, in telling the people what the facts of life are.

The plain truth is that it is not possible to avoid drudgery in any occupation in life, from the highest to the lowest. Take the case of the King himself. Who has more drudgery in life to put up with—or goes through with it with greater devotion to duty and no word of complaint? How many people realise the hours of office work, the interminable official papers to be gone through, on top of the incessant routine of public appearances, the tours of inspection, the investitures, the audiences, etc., etc. Not many people have the imagination to realise the immense burden and strain that democratic monarchy imposes on the Sovereign! Or take the case of Cabinet Ministers and the higher Civil Servant—incessantly overworked: half the trouble with Government today is that they haven't time to think things



The great MR. BEVIN

out. Or take the best life of all, that of the creative artist or scientist or doctor—it is impossible to avoid drudgery. In the case of the composer or writer or actor, the endless hours spent in scoring or typing or rehearsing; or the amount of sheer drudgery involved in the life of a great doctor or surgeon. It is impossible to avoid drudgery whatever we are doing, in the finest and most skilled occupations as in the simplest.

Why Shirk Drudgery?

That being so, why should ordinary people shirk drudgery? Is their time so very valuable? Is it anything like so valuable as that of the skilled surgeon on whose devotion so many lives depend, or that of the scientist or writer or actor who may have an unique talent that is quite irreplaceable? When it comes to the point, we can all of us do the washing up or the house-work or the gardening after a fashion—only it is a waste of time that some of us should be called upon to do it, whereas most people are fit for nothing else: it is their job in life. Could they do

anything else: could they manage an industry or business (Stafford Cripps has just told them plainly they cannot), could they write the books or turn out the plays or perform the operations of the surgeon?

Very well then: let them be content to get on with the jobs they are fit for. We are in danger of getting away from the elementary truths of life: 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread'; 'If any would not work neither should he eat.' This country became prosperous and great, enjoyed a higher standard of living than other countries in recent centuries, by working hard, not by slacking. Anything that encourages work is to be approved; anything that discourages work or undermines incentive should be frowned on by the public opinion of the whole country. And a Labour Government should take a lead in the matter—after all, the whole success of its policy depends on it—not by its actions and its legislation *encourage* slacking.

At the very moment when a larger area of enterprise is coming under public control, it is now more than ever important to safeguard and encourage private initiative and individual enterprise—if only, among other things, as a pace-maker for public enterprise; otherwise the whole thing will go cranking down to inefficiency and decay. What hopes of a higher standard of living for the country in general in such circumstances? It will only mean an equal sharing out of poverty and slacking.

Yet, at such a moment the Government goes on, in its unimaginative way, with the raising of the school-leaving age. Everybody knows the economic loss it means: taking over a quarter of a million young people out of industry at the most flexible period of their lives. Sir Stafford Cripps has admitted the loss in intake it will be to the coal industry this year; 15,000 less recruits. But nobody seems to have questioned it on educational grounds. Personally I am a sceptic about its educational value; I am sure that any educational value there may be will not make up for the economic loss.

I hope I shall not be thought a mere reactionary in saying that. Anybody who knows my record will know that I am very concerned for the future of education in this country. And I am not making a party point against the Government, for it was Mr. Churchill's Government that passed the Act. I rather suspect we owe it to the non-party band of 'Educationists', who do not necessarily carry conviction with me. One of the best known and most creative minds in English education in this century agreed with me the other day in questioning whether taking a ruler and putting up the school-leaving age to fifteen was the best way to improve education in the country. Personally, I think not: far too rule-of-thumb and unimaginative. We need greater variety and flexibility of treatment. I am all in favour of expanding and encouraging adult education and general cultural activities: many people don't begin to develop until their school years are over. And I am strongly in favour of letting no schoolboy of promise slip through the net—as a certain number still do; I want every opportunity given to talent of every kind. But talent is of many kinds, and is not provided for by keeping everybody at school till he or she is fifteen. In thousands of cases it is a complete waste—as I know, as an old elementary schoolboy. The educational gain in this dull rule-of-thumb measure is absolutely incommensurable with the dead economic loss—though nobody has

dared to say so on educational grounds. But we must face the true facts about ourselves if we are not, as a country, to go under.

Such is the gospel that I have to preach. But it will certainly need a change of directive, and not only in the Government—perhaps, more important, in the whole intellectual lead our society gets, from all those people who are responsible for forming and guiding its opinion, writers and thinkers, newspapers, the churches and the B.B.C., universities, colleges and schools, the whole education of the nation, as well as the political parties, which are only a small part of the front.

G. W. THOMSON, *new T.U.C. Chairman*

The truth is that both political parties, whether Labour or Conservative—and of course the Liberals—have been living on the stock of the Liberal ideas of the nineteenth century: everybody is not only equal to everybody else, but the same as everybody else, and everybody's opinion is as good as anybody else's about whatever it may be, and the rest of it. Absolute nonsense—which we don't act on when anything serious is at stake. If anything is wrong with our insides, we consult *the best specialist we can get.* Nor can we afford to carry on with this kind of nonsense when the life of the country is at stake. The reign of Liberal ideas in deliquescence has gone far too far: you see it at its most demoralising in the universal Father-Christmas ideology of Beveridgism, swaddling us in social insurance from the cradle to the grave, sapping all incentive and enterprise.

No: the one nineteenth-century gospel we have forgotten is the Gospel of Work. And we need it so much more than they did, when production was roaring ahead and the country in the upward tide of prosperity. Yet the remarkable thing is that all the great leaders of Victorian opinion—whether reactionaries, like Carlyle, or Socialists like William Morris, semi-Socialists like Ruskin, or Liberals like Mill, or Christian Socialists like Kingsley—they all believed in and preached the Gospel of Work. Do we get the same lead from our intellectual mentors today? When how much greater and more desperate is the need! With a half-ruined country on our hands to repair and restore and recover, to talk about a 40-hour week, or to encourage the demand from any quarter, is simply disgraceful. It would be much more in keeping with the country's needs if everybody were to work a 60-hour week for the next three or four years, get the country on its feet again and recover our place in the world—and then we could afford to go a bit easier. I wonder how long it will be before the present unreal state of affairs brings about its reaction—the longer it is postponed, the sharper the reaction will have to be. For, if this country was good enough for all those fine fellows to die for, it is good enough for other people to work for.

There will be a referendum in N.W. Frontier Province, which, though predominantly Moslem, is anti-Pakistan. It has threatened, meanwhile, to declare its independence. Sylhet (in Assam) will probably join Pakistan. There are 561 Princely States. Hyderabad and Travancore may become independent kingdoms

INDIA
IN SEARCH OF A FUTURE

R. L. C. FOOTTIT

WITHIN a month or two one-fifth of the world's population will cease to be ruled by the British House of Commons. What will happen to them? Under what type of government will they live? Who will be their kings and princes, or presidents or ministers? The resolution of the British Cabinet, taken last February, to relinquish power in India by June 1948 was startling enough. Administrative heads shook dismally: it was said to be impossible in the time. But now the date has been put forward to 'about August' this year. Four hundred million people are committed to governing themselves, under Dominion Status, almost immediately, but still have no idea as to how it is going to be done.

In one vital respect, however, the momentous statements of 3 June have cleared the air. The pipe-dream of a united sovereign India has finally dissolved, and the reality of partition into two or more effectively independent countries has come into focus. Partition will be no fault of the British. They have made effort after effort to promote a federal form of government which would be ready to take over power in an orderly manner as they gave it up. Each one has failed. In 1935 India accepted Provincial Autonomy, but rejected the parallel scheme for an embryonic federation at the Centre. The Cripps proposals of 1942 died almost as soon as propounded. The Churchill Government, refusing to recognise their demise, clung to them as its official policy for the next four years, as a distracted mother might hug a dead child. But India had only one word to say—'Quit!'

Finally, in the early summer of 1946, the new British Labour Cabinet, ready to quit but anxious to leave stable self-rule behind, sent out Lord Pethick-Lawrence, Sir Stafford Cripps and Mr. Alexander on a special mission. Day after day, week after week, these three Cabinet Ministers argued with Indian leaders, first of one party, then of another, in a prodigious endeavour to secure their agreement on some form of future constitution. Both Britain and India waited anxiously for such meagre news as the army of press correspondents could supply. Hopes fluctuated with Mr. Gandhi's smile or Mr. Jinnah's pleasantries. Gaps, it was said, were closing; compromise was believed to have been reached on this or that minor point. As time went on, however, it became clear that no progress at all was being made towards a settlement of the main difference, namely that the Hindus, represented by Congress, wanted a united federal India with a strong central government, while the Moslems, represented by the Moslem League, were determined to have their own separate and independent state—Pakistan.

Pakistan means; in Urdu, 'Land of the Pure', but it is really a composite word

THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD, *who feels he has been let down by the British Government*

made up of the names of the Moslem majority provinces in N.W. India—P for Punjab, A for Afghan and the North-west Frontier, K for Kashmir, S for Sind, and 'tan' for Baluchistan. To these was added Bengal and Assam, though Assam is not a Moslem majority province.

In the end the Mission had to admit failure and produce, as their last card, their own plan for settlement. This was in two halves. For the immediate future a Congress-Moslem League coalition government was proposed, which, though nominally still responsible to the Viceroy, and through him to the British House of Commons, would practically be autonomous. Meanwhile a Constituent Assembly of Provincial and Native State representatives would be convened to draw up a new constitution for India, much as the Philadelphia Convention had drawn up the constitution of America. At first it seemed that the second part of the plan would succeed and the first part fail, but what happened was exactly the reverse. The Moslem League agreed to join the interim Central Government when they realised that it was going to function with or without them, and a very uneasy coalition resulted, each side hardly bothering to disguise its dislike and distrust of the other. But they refused to take part in the Constituent Assembly unless Pakistan was agreed in principle beforehand; and without them, as a constitution-making body, the Constituent Assembly was as dead as all the previous federal plans. Only the last plan of all has succeeded—the plan which implicitly accepts partition, and provides for two separate Constituent Assemblies.

To the superficial observer it must appear that the Hindus with their three-to-one majority have exercised great patience, restraint and accommodation, while the Moslems were intransigent and self-seeking. Indian Moslems are economically and (in Western ways) culturally backward, but, if this were all, doubtless adequate safeguards could have been devised. The truth is, however, that their 'backwardness' is only the outward symptom of a *fundamental social cleavage*. They *are* a separate nation, and their objectives are genuinely irreconcilable with those of the Hindus. Had there ever been any real chance of a Hindu-Moslem agreement and a united federal government of India, all the many and sustained efforts of Britons and Indians alike to this end must have yielded some result. That there was none proves empirically what can be deduced from a study of the social characteristics of the two communities.

Moslem v. Hindu

The Moslem social system is strongly fraternal and democratic; the Hindu system is equally strongly hierarchical, with innumerable castes and sub-castes, between which marriage is often impossible and even ordinary social intercourse difficult. Moslems are pastoral and not industrially inclined; Hindus readily form rich and powerful urban communities and own (apart from Europeans and Parsis) nearly all the Indian industries. Moslem economics are essentially anti-capitalistic—there is real force still in Mohammed's injunction against the taking of interest; Hindus have not only adopted Western capitalism, but

have exaggerated all its worst vices. It is these deep *social* antagonisms, not the purely religious differences, which make Hindu-Moslem partnership impossible. Behind the Moslem demand for separation is exactly the same impulse as lies at the root of the Arab objection to Jewish immigration into Palestine—the realisation that the Moslem way of life cannot survive in competition with industrial capitalism.

British Law Superficial

Almost all British Viceroys, Governors, Secretaries of State, and Cabinet Ministers of recent years have made the mistake of studying Indian superficial and transitory 'politics' without paying enough attention to the more permanent characteristics of the people. Both Mr. Penderel Moon in *Strangers in India*, published a year or two ago, and more recently Dr. G. T. Wrench in *Land and Motherland*, have shown why elaborate legal and legislative systems on the British pattern have never worked properly in India. Nearly always they have proved less effective than the crude but homegrown customs they have replaced; often they have led to moral degeneration and travesties of justice. The Briton is deeply aggrieved. Believing his systems to be the highest manifestation of organised, corporate social life, he can only account for their failure to work in India by roundly condemning the Indians. But, as Dr. Wrench emphasises, the historical patterns of English and Indian life could hardly be more different. Britons, because of their weak family bonds, have acquired a strong civic sense; among Indians, family, caste and community ties are predominant, and the civic sense remains undeveloped.

The British would have done well to build Indian administration on the village *panchyats*, or elected councils, which they found already in operation settling disputes, collecting taxes and organising education; instead, they threw the *panchyats* overboard and, with understandable but misguided conceit, substituted their own systems of law and administration without bothering to consider whether

Death by the roadside is common in India

the civic sense, on which these systems relied, was capable of sustaining their weight. It was not. Hence the easy perjury in court, the miscarriages of justice, the inefficiency of District Boards, the unreliability of Provincial Assemblies, the nepotism, the accent on communal ratios in Provincial Government appointments. It is not that Indian standards are fundamentally lower than British standards; merely that they are different. To the average Indian the family, the caste, and the community are more real than the state, and command a higher loyalty.

Neither did the British stop to think what would be the effect of the impact of a capitalistic economy, suited to nineteenth-century industrial conditions, upon an agricultural country living in an age they themselves had left far behind. The result of this thoughtlessness is the tragic mistake of the Permanent Settlement, which broke the link of ownership between the tiller and the soil, the deterioration of agriculture in the Zamindari[1] areas and the appalling growth of rural indebtedness—evils which Dutch Java, for example, has escaped. The seed of *laissez-faire* capitalism fell on the stony ground of India and forthwith national

[1] Landlord.

The Durbar of the Maharajah of Travancore, 1851. Travancore may declare its complete independence

sentiment sprang up. But national sentiment is the characteristic of urban and industrialised communities; it does not take deep root among agricultural people, and for all the slogans of the towns it is not a strong force in India. It has assisted—far less than Indians generally believe—in throwing off British rule, but already, in the bright sun of coming independence, it has withered.

The Princes' States the most Stable

India is not a single country but a collection of peasantries of widely differing languages, religions and social traditions. They have served in their time many masters. The last is about to abdicate before any successor has appeared.

What, then, is likely to happen? The most stable factors in the situation are, paradoxically, the Native States. Of them little has been said except that Britain will relinquish paramountcy and will not enter into any separate negotiations at this stage. Britons have been apt to regard some of the States, at least, as skeletons in the Imperial cupboard, pockets of 'feudalism' left behind in the March of Progress. Nevertheless they represent the main depositories of indigenous social customs which will outlive importations from the West. We may expect that the very large States will preserve their identity and become, where it is economically possible, sovereign countries. Travancore has already admitted that such is her intention. The smaller States may form federations among themselves or become attached to powerful neighbours, including Hindustan and Pakistan, in negotiations with whom the Viceroy has offered his own services and those of the Political Department. States which would naturally gravitate towards Hindustan sent representatives to the existing Constituent Assembly, but they have made it clear that their territorial integrity and the succession of the ruling dynasties must not be prejudiced. Others are likely to adopt the same course when a Pakistan Constituent Assembly is convened.

It did not take Lord Mountbatten long to realise that there could be no resisting the Pakistan demand. Already Congress leaders had accepted it in their hearts, if not yet in their public utterances, and had turned their attention to the question of demarcation. Already the Hindus of

Bengal had begun organising themselves to claim and defend the particular areas where they predominate. Already the Sikhs (a sect of Hindus but a distinct community) had demanded a division of the Punjab, revealing thereby the strength of their anti-Moslem feeling, since any dividing-line inevitably splits them in two, by reason of their wide dispersion.

What Boundaries?

The first round has resulted in a victory for the Moslem League. The second round will be fought over the Boundary Commissions in Bengal, Assam, and the Punjab. Broadly, these Commissions will demarcate boundaries on the basis of contiguous majority areas since, as the Cabinet Mission remarked, every argument that can be used in favour of Pakistan can equally be used in favour of the exclusion of non-Moslem areas from Pakistan. But they 'will also be instructed to take into account other factors.' Moslems will make the most of that qualification because they can hardly afford to be guided by ethnological considerations alone. Even as they originally conceived it, Pakistan would be a materially poor country. If it is to be deprived of large areas in the Punjab and Bengal, including the port of Calcutta, and most of Assam, it will be further impoverished. Mr. Jinnah has always qualified his acceptance of the principle of provincial division on the basis of local majorities with the stipulation that Pakistan must be left an administratively and economically workable unit.

The wise and courageous action of the Viceroy in pressing forward with the transfer of power and leaving Indian constitutional matters to be tidied up later has unquestionably arrested the deterioration of an already ugly internal situation. But it is too early to say that we have seen the end of rioting. Hindus and Moslems face each other over the question of demarcation with moral right on the Hindu side and expediency on the Moslem side. Should outbreaks occur over the awards of the Boundary Commissions, much will depend on the Indian Army. At present the Army is a finely-integrated force of mixed Hindus and Moslems, with a large contingent of Nepali Gurkhas. Now it must be divided, and the vivisection will go right down to company level in many of its regiments. This vast work of reorganisation will have to be undertaken at a time when its services may be urgently needed. Moreover, the minority communities in both Hindustan and Pakistan will have to look for their ultimate protection not, as hitherto, to an aloof and impartial force wielded by a foreign government, but to a force composed of, and directed by, the opposite community.

A further imponderable is the strength of the Communist party. Twenty years ago it was Congress who championed the landless labourers of the villages and the industrial workers of the towns, partly out of sincere sympathy with their abject poverty and partly as a stick with which to beat the British. But Congress has always been financed by the big Indian industrialists, to whom only the second objective appealed, and the championship of the dispossessed is now rapidly passing to the Communists, while the rift between them and Congress widens. Many of the prerequisites of a Communist revolution are present in the manufacturing towns and Permanently Settled areas. If the Hindu-Moslem conflict leads to a widespread collapse of administration, it may only need the emergence of a new Lenin for Communism to obtain a foothold in Bengal and Bihar and from there to sweep over large parts of India. Outside the Native States, which could defend themselves, a limited unity might then be achieved as U.S.S.I. The peasants would have found their new master.

'Independence, like honour, is a rocky island without a beach.'

NAPOLEON

The Married Woman's Dilemma

BARBARA WOOTTON

The well-known writer and Economist

According to the English tradition a woman marries for love, or to have children, or for the prestige attaching to the married state, or to get the support of someone else's income, instead of having to earn one of her own. The first two are powerful motives, and it would seem that they can be relied upon to keep the marriage rate up—though not by themselves to maintain stable marriages. The third motive—prestige—is losing its force, now that a woman can earn distinction in many professions in her own right. And the economic incentive is not merely losing its force; it is beginning to pull against marriage.

The attraction of marriage as an escape from the necessity of earning one's own living is obviously stronger, the more distasteful is the method by which that living has to be earned. Naturally, therefore, it appeals more to the unskilled wage-earning girl than to the woman who is qualified for an interesting profession. I have heard working girls speak very frankly of their intention of marrying early for no other reason than this. I do not think that they were telling the whole truth: convention often inhibits reference to more profound emotional needs. But, to put it bluntly, the prospective husband who appears as an alternative to forty-five years of routine factory work has no very formidable rival to contend with! Even so, the working girl who gives up her job in order to marry gives up also her economic independence in exchange for some (often not very happy) arrangement allowing her a share in her husband's income.

The professional woman, however, who is the particular subject of this article, has something else to think about as well. Her parents' money, public money, and some of the best years of her life have probably been spent on acquiring her professional skill. She is very unlucky if she does not *enjoy* being a doctor, or a librarian, or a teacher, or a nurse, or a civil servant. If she marries, she must either go on with her job or give it up. It will cost her a pang—a good many pangs perhaps—to give it up: yet the burdens of going on with it may well prove intolerable. This is a dilemma which, I think, hardly troubled the pioneers of what is called the Women's Movement. These pioneers lived in a world in which wives of the professional classes took for granted that their housework would be done for them by resident domestic servants, and that they could telephone to shops for prompt delivery of whatever they ordered (and not something different). Children could be, and were, largely left to the care of nannies, and their mothers were free either to live lives of social idleness or to continue with their own professional work as the case might be. There would be interruptions when the babies were coming, and for a short while after they had come: but, after all, in the ordinary case, these would not occur more than three or four times in a lifetime at the most: and many of our vigorous feminist forbears rather prided themselves on being able to toss off the necessary babies without any serious upset in their ordinary way of life. Indeed, amongst the educated classes and amongst women who were active in public affairs, the emphasis was all on getting away from a world in which women could only 'talk about servants

and babies.' Significantly, the two subjects were commonly bracketed together. (I am speaking now of a period between twenty-five and forty years ago. This attitude was taking shape in the days of the Suffrage agitation before the 1914 war and, though in face of growing difficulties, it survived the dislocations due to that war.)

More To Do—and Less Help

Since then many things have happened. Domestic service has nearly disappeared, and where it remains, it is extremely expensive. In every household there is both far more work to do, and far less chance of getting help in the doing of it. I do not need to expatiate on the burdens of contemporary housekeeping. It is reasonable to hope that some of them will eventually get less. Some of them (though we seem reluctant to admit it) even have got less already: as, for example, in many cities, the problem of getting fish. But the married woman's choice today is still between intolerable overwork or complete surrender to domestic detail. In either case she will be the slave of petty cares; and if she sticks to her professional work she will *never* know the joy of a mind that is wholly relaxed and free. Something that must be done or remembered is always nagging at the back of her consciousness. Often, indeed, in discussions on the equal pay controversy, I find myself thinking that if there must be inequality it would really be more sensible to have it the other way round! For practically every woman who goes into the labour market at all (and this goes for a high proportion of the single, as well as the married) is doing two jobs—one at home and one at work. If she can hold her own *at all* in competition with male colleagues, who have three meals a day set before them without doing more than perhaps help wash up, she must be superlatively good, and deserves to be paid accordingly!

Something else has happened in the past quarter of a century besides the increase in domestic burdens. There have been great advances in psychological knowledge, and these have modified the attitude of thinking people towards very young children. The psychologists have taught us that the baby's personality develops in much more subtle ways than our grandmothers realised. I cannot think that any educated woman who has given a reasonable amount of attention to modern psychological knowledge can feel that responsibility for the daily, detailed upbringing of young children is a task which makes insufficient demands upon her mental abilities. She may feel that it is a task for which she has not been trained, and she may well wish to be relieved of perpetually washing napkins. But she must see that there is a very great deal more to it than physical care, administered even with a good dose of unguided natural affection.

What, then, is the married professional woman to do in this new world? Here I think that a clear line must be drawn between those periods of married life when the children are young enough to make a whole-time, or near whole-time, job for somebody, and the normally much longer periods when there are no children at home, or when they are old enough for the most part to look after themselves, and to give a hand in the housework. My own view is that, while there are babies around the house, it is in the ordinary case a mistake for a woman in any social class to try to manage a full-time job as well. Great as is the national need for labour and skill of every kind, mothers of young children cannot, and should not try to, do everything. If at best there is minimal domestic help, which is the likely situation in the contemporary professional household, for the woman to try to cope with this double life is not fair to anybody—not to herself, nor to her husband, nor to their marriage, nor to the children. Here and there, perhaps, some very exceptional woman can do it, and in a rather larger number of cases, where the husband's income is for one reason or another unreliable, it may be unavoidable that a wife should attempt the impossible. But most of us must be content to choose one

thing or the other, and the community must relinquish its claim on our professional skill for the time being, if it wants to have our children.

Will Domestic Service Return?

Domestic service may, of course, come again. Conceivably, though I think not probably, domestic service may come again at a price which enables the average professional household to employ full-time help, and enjoy the relief from domestic cares which was normal in Edwardian days. But I doubt if that is possible with a fair wage for the house-worker. Even if it were, I should myself be sorry to see professional women normally stick continuously to full-time work with only the briefest intervals for actual child-bearing. There will be more exceptions to this generalisation than to those of the preceding paragraphs: but the plan of handing children over all day to a nurse has seldom worked well where it has been tried. Few families are likely to be able, or perhaps even to be prepared, to pay right from the start for service which is sufficiently skilled. And whether they manage to get hold of a good, old-fashioned nannie or a highly trained modern nursery-nurse, they take one very big risk: that the child's love will be diverted from the mother to the nurse. Such a situation is not good for family life. It has its repercussions on the relationships of the parents to each other, as well as on those between parents and children.

This is not to suggest that a woman should give up her profession for ever after her first child announces its approach. The most satisfactory solution of the dilemma of the married professional woman is, I think, that she should return to her work as soon as possible after the family begins to be able to look after itself. If she has her children young, she will have many years of health and activity before her. Her maternal experience should have helped to make her a mature and balanced person (especially if she has not been desperately overworked all the time); and these qualities are of great value in many of the professions that women commonly enter—such as teaching, medicine, or administration of various kinds. Nowadays we live long, and the country has good reasons for wishing us not to retire early. Moreover, if we have been almost wholly occupied with the family, we are notoriously apt to suffer from violent depression and a sense of uselessness when the birds leave the nest, and our main justification for existing appears to have gone. Worse still, we sometimes try improperly to prolong our domination of the young, so as to avoid these distressing emotions. A return to professional interests in the 'forties has thus often a positive value for a woman's own mental health.

Of course the objection is that, if you give up a profession for ten or fifteen years, you get rusty, and cannot just step back at a moment's notice. Nevertheless, in many cases there are ways round even this difficulty. Many women may be able to give *a little* time to their profession right through their married lives—just enough to keep their hands in. There are doctors who take one or two clinics a week, teachers who act as stop-gaps, and do odd bits of extra coaching, and the scarcity of nurses is such that part-time nursing is beginning to be organised. In the present shortage of professional skill, and, indeed, of labour of all kinds, employing bodies may have to take a little trouble to make such opportunities for those who cannot give whole-time service: and they have strong incentives to do so. Of course, it is easier for women who live in towns to keep up their work in this way than for those whose homes are in remote places, which covers a good many: and even if she cannot keep on any professional work, a woman who lives in the country need not want for opportunities of keeping her mind alert. Nor should it be beyond the bounds of possibility to arrange refresher courses for women who wish to return to a calling which they have temporarily abandoned for the claims of maternity. The women themselves, their families, and

the community which is recovering their professional services would all benefit from such provision. All that is necessary is the imagination to see what is wanted.

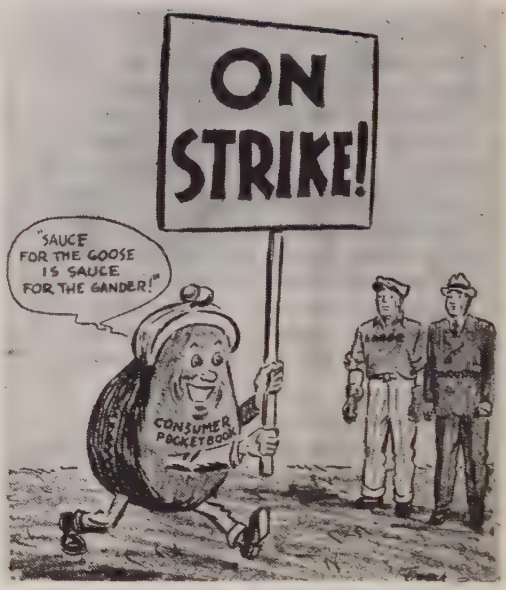
This idea of a professional career as something to be temporarily laid aside and resumed in the later years of marriage would be made much more practicable if the domestic problems of the household, where there are no very young children, can be resolved on the lines that I would suggest. To these we must now return. Even today, if people are content with a fairly modest standard of living, the necessary chores in a household of two working adults need not be excessive. If, in addition, there is a little part-time domestic help, they really are quite manageable. What makes them intolerable, at present, is that our social tradition is all against their being equally shared between the sexes. In many households where two single professional women live together, there is quite as much comfort as in the homes of professional married couples without children; and there is far less irritation, sense of injustice, overwork and consequent inefficiency. The simple reason is that women normally take it for granted that the household duties which are necessary for their own maintenance and comfort should be equally shared by the members of the household; and this applies to the mental side of these tasks (remembering to buy the loaf and to put out the laundry) as well as to the physical (which is generally the less exhausting of the two). Members of such purely female households run the home week and week about, or alternate months, or on any other plan which is on a genuinely fifty-fifty basis.

What About Men?

I cannot for the life of me see why man and wife, where both are working, should not learn to do the same. Such a proposal means a great change in the attitude of men to themselves and of women to men. It would be a real revolution in our traditional social pattern: in all classes. Revolutions are supposed to be things that are done in a hurry; but in practice I think that this is not very often so, and those which are done in a hurry have a way of coming undone afterwards. So probably we shall have to be patient for some time yet. For one thing, if men are not to exploit their wives, they must not be spoilt by their mothers. But enough changes have happened already for there to be something to build upon. Men already do quite a lot of washing up. They are occasionally seen pushing prams in which toddlers are clutching the family ration books: Father must be doing the family shopping. In time, we could all come to see that there is no logical justification whatever for unequal sharing inside the home—in households where all alike are working at their several professions outside. A nation that has seen women emerge from Victorian drawing-rooms to become air pilots, firewomen, and Fellows of the Royal Society, has learned harder lessons than this.

Finally, let me say that the whole of this way of looking at the problem hangs together. *If* women normally retire from the labour market while their families are young and return later; and *if* domestic tasks, where there are no children, are equally shared amongst adults of both sexes, then it will become easier for the remaining difficulties to be overcome. The equal sharing of routine duties will make it possible for the woman, who is giving the bulk of her time to her children, to have just enough freedom to seize any opportunity of keeping her professional hand in that, may turn up. And *if* it becomes usual in all classes for women to look forward to re-entering the labour market when the birds are flown (or anyhow able to feed themselves), then there should be a fair supply of women, whose chief skill is in the domestic arts, ready to take non-resident domestic employment in middle life. And *that* may make the difference between hard work and overwork in those households where all the adults are very fully occupied with their own professions or with the bearing and rearing of their children. And what a difference it is!

The dark future
NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE



A leaf out of their own book
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

'Look at that individual. He's going around saying nasty things about you.'
'Is that possible?'
'Yes, he's saying that you are about as good as—our bread!'
LA DOMENICA DEL CORRIERE (Italy)

'Have you seen Hungary around here?'
DETROIT NEWS

WORLD SAID!

' — And watch your dough, Madam'
DALLAS MORNING NEWS

'Oops — sorry!'
WASHINGTON POST

New acquisitions in King Farouk's collection
DIE WELTWOCHE (Zürich)

THE FALL OF FRANCO
How the Spanish Anarchist movement wants to bring it about
SOLIDARIDAD OBRERA (Mexico)

Belgium Scrambles Back to Prosperity

Antwerp is back to pre-war—

The Struggle between *Dirigisme* and Freedom

GEORGE EDINGER

Of all countries in contemporary Europe, Belgium approximates most closely to ourselves. She is small, highly industrialised and overcrowded. She has 715 people to the square mile compared with 727 in England and Wales. She depends for her prosperity mainly on exporting coal and textiles. She suffered, though less than Britain, from warfare on her soil. She was subjected, likewise less than Britain, to the bombing, especially V bombing, of her ports, so the Belgians found themselves, two years ago, in a position remarkably like our own. They had more luxuries and less necessities. When I left the country in 1945, rockets were falling on Antwerp at the rate of sixty a day. Bread was scarce. Meat just could not be obtained.

Antwerp today is back to pre-war. Bomb damage is being repaired at a fantastic speed. The port is handling its 1939 volume of traffic. There is rationing of bread, butter, meat and sugar, jam and coffee, of which no one takes the slightest notice. There is no rationing of anything else.[1]

One Sunday I strolled down to Hopland where there is a market chiefly patronised by small shopkeepers and manual workers. The stalls were laden with cherries, bananas, grapefruit, ginger cakes, chocolates, shirts, blouses, scissors, penknives, leather bags, silk ties and nylon stockings. If your tastes were more exotic, you could even buy a fine gaudy parrot from the Brazils, a bowl of goldfish from Surinam or a couple of elephant tusks from the Congo. A clownish fellow, in a flaxen wig, gathered us in a circle to hear his songs and handed around the words and music on sheets of paper, each of which would have served for a national daily.

Belgium is not expensive. True, the prices of meals are uncontrolled and may soar up to two pounds for three dishes. On the other hand, as there is no maximum in law, so there is no minimum in fact. You can eat far more satisfactorily in Brussels for 22 francs (2s. 6d.) than you can in London for 5s. For 6s. you will get an excellent lunch of Russian eggs (not dried), steak and chips (or pork chop) with an ice to follow. £1 a night will buy you a double room with bath and breakfast at the best hotel in Brussels. Outside Brussels, Antwerp and the Channel coast resorts, prices are surprisingly moderate. An enormous first-floor room with running water cost me 6s. 6d. in the best quarter of Namur.

Belgium has no unemployment. She has a flourishing black market, but as everybody sells to it, it is so well stocked that the prices are only slightly higher than controlled prices. Some kinds of chocolate are only available against points at 5s. 6d. the pound. The rest costs 6s. a pound.

[1] The official scale of rations a month is bread 20 lb., margarine and butter 1.8 lb., sugar 2½ lb., jam 0.75 lb., meat (all kinds) 5.75 lb., potatoes 19.8 lb. But everyone supplements on the free market where prices are not much higher and supplies are unlimited. Eggs (at 3d. each) are unrationed and abundant.

Plenty of Food and Clothes

I made a point of spending most of my time with working-class families, generally Socialist in their politics. They complained that life was uneven. They said that there was no method in war reconstruction. At Antwerp the Rex cinema, completely demolished by a flying bomb in 1945, has been rebuilt, more splendid than ever, though Belgium is short of a quarter of a million homes. But they all told me that they could get all the food and clothes they needed and get them at a price they could afford to pay. The cost of living is up by about 375 per cent on 1939. Wages have risen to an average level of 350 per cent. In the coal-mining districts, the rise in wages has been higher, about 400 per cent. Belgium, too, is short of coal, yet output is rising very satisfactorily without nationalisation. In 1946 the coal-mines were producing 10 cwt. 83 lb. of coal for every 10 cwt. 86 lb. produced in 1939. Output this year will be higher. The average daily yield of a Belgian miner is about 12 cwt. This is lower certainly than the production figure in Britain. Belgium, however, is not faced with the labour shortage obtaining in our own mines. She has always used foreign labour, particularly Poles and Italians, on a large scale. Since the end of the war she has taken on 20,000 Italians, and I have heard the percentage of foreigners in Belgian mines put as high as 38 per cent. German prisoners have also been working in mines.

This index figure for output in the mines does not show any comparison between the relative capacity for work of the Belgian and the British worker, so many miners in Belgium not being Belgians. The consensus of opinion (I can find no figures to support it), is that the Belgian *does* work harder than the Englishman. The secretary of a Labour union in Antwerp, who made a point of watching builders at work in Antwerp and in Liverpool, assured me that the Antwerp men, though they grumbled more, worked with a greater intensity. Captains of merchant ships docked in the Scheldt combined to tell me that they could unload quicker in Antwerp; the dockers worked harder. The Brussels correspondent of the *New York Times* wrote last February: 'Most conspicuous of all in Belgium is the absence of that sluggishness that has spread through British economic life.' White collar, salaried workers are as always hardest hit, though no harder perhaps than in Britain.

For the glaring contrast between a highly competitive Belgium, spending her money on whatever foreign countries will sell, with most things unrationed in theory and everything unrationed in practice, with half her imports admitted duty free, and a Britain rigidly planned rationed and controlled, there have been a number of explanations. Belgium is a creditor. Britain is a debtor. Belgium has not had to adjust her economy to the rapid disappearance of lend-lease supplies. Belgium did not suffer in the war as we did. Belgium has a creditor balance for her Congo produce.

Congo credits are only a part answer. The Congo has its own budget and its own francs, though they are, it is true, interchanged with Belgian francs.

That Belgium is a creditor country might explain a great deal, but for the fact that her neighbour, Luxembourg, which has a debt of £500,000,000 to a population of 300,000 and lost a third of her total wealth in the damage wrought by armies fighting over her soil, is flourishing still more than Belgium. Her people live more cheaply and abundantly even than the Belgians and there is no black market. In fact, the Belgians go to Luxembourg to get more to eat.

That Belgium escaped the ravages of war is untrue. There was heavy fighting on her soil in 1940 and 1944. Antwerp and Liège were bombed badly. And the effects of occupation, deported labour, and Gestapo rule are grim.

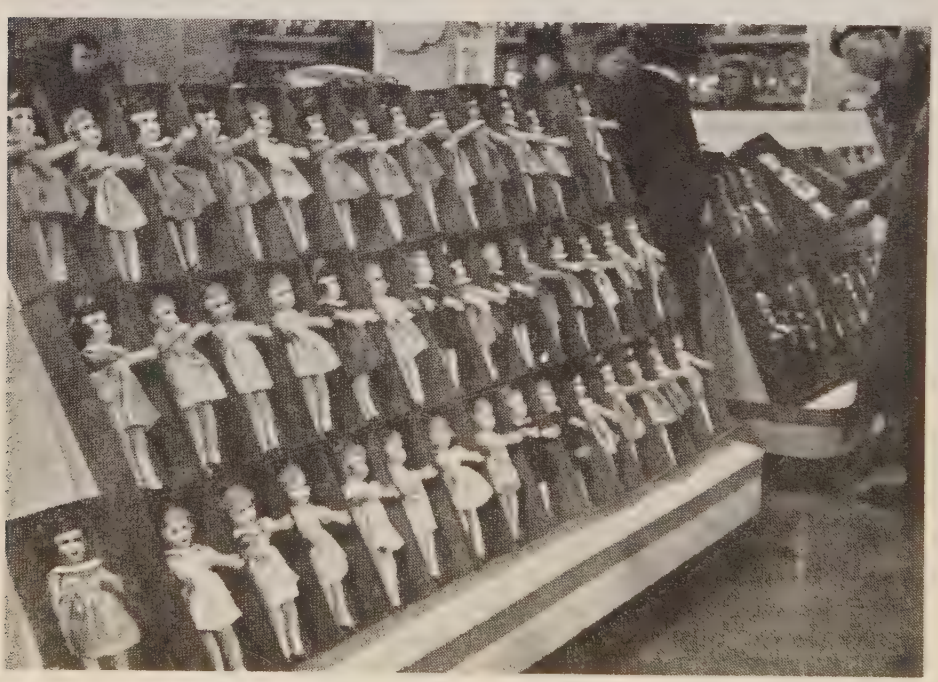
For all the abundance of her living, I would not say that Belgium is a confident country. She is not even a united country. The cleft between Fleming and Walloon

has not been healed by the war. The vexed question of the monarchy divides the country into bitterly contending factions. A traveller, judging from chance remarks, slogans on walls and photographs in windows, would assume that the majority of the people would like to see King Leopold back on the throne of his ancestors. He would, I think, be right. The reluctance of King Leopold's opponents to permit the plebiscite demanded by his supporters is evidence of it. True, the supporters of King Leopold are often critical of his conduct in the awkward double rôle of a commander-in-chief, who, having promised never to desert his troops, was forced to demand an armistice, and the head of a state that did not wish to surrender. But they fear the abdication of the King would be a stage towards abolition of the monarchy and abolition of the monarchy would mean the end of national unity, since it is chiefly the personal tie of the throne that holds together the discordant elements of Flemings and Walloons. So long as this wretched problem is unsettled, there can never be real confidence in Belgium.

Then there is the educational problem: the conflict between the state schools, which approach education from what they call an 'objective', and their opponents an 'unchristian' standpoint, and the wealthier private schools, whose supporters claim that they alone uphold the Christian values, and whose opponents maintain that their philosophy and history are distorted by clerical propaganda.

The religious question in Belgium is more bitter and more complex than foreign observers believe, and it is not well understood outside the country. I was surprised, in mixing with Liberals and Socialists, to discover that it is quite untrue, as many Belgian Catholics appear to think, that these parties are predominantly either materialist or agnostic. They are simply against a monopoly of clerical teaching.

Over all hangs the shadow of another war. Most Belgians I met believe in the imminence of a new world war, not



Plenty of dolls in a Belgian shop

between Russia and the West, but between totalitarianism and freedom. They expect a recurrence of the 1940 alignment, when Germany and Russia had reached an understanding, and Fascists combined with Communists all over Europe in the same fifth column. You often see, chalked on walls, the emblem Cross and Sickle equals Swastika. So, although there is a glaring measure of inequality within the framework of the general sufficiency, and while Belgium, with a large industrial population, has thrown up a Socialist Party, less class-conscious than our own, Communists remain an unimportant minority.

Love of Freedom

These instinctive feelings about the coming clash between freedom and control (which they call *dirigisme*) shape the conduct of the Belgians in dealing with their own affairs. Fundamentally, historically, instinctively they hate control of any kind. In fact they just will not have it. One worker in the port of Antwerp said to me, 'A single London policeman can do more than all the gendarmes in Antwerp.' I happened to see a crowded tram reach a provincial railway station. It was forbidden to get out on the left-hand side. Unfortunately, the station *was* on the left-hand side and that was the way they did get off, all of them. Two policemen stood by on bicycles and tried to do something about it. They held up one or two descending passengers and began to note their addresses. Just then the train came in. With one wild scamper the interrogated left the policemen to board the incoming train. The officers of the law shrugged their shoulders, mounted their bicycles and rode away.

This spirit of revolt has its roots in Belgian history, fortified by the experience of the Resistance Movement in the past few years. In the last four centuries and a half Belgium has had 320 years of alien rule—Spanish, Austrian, French, Dutch or German. So resistance to government and evasion of control are deeply ingrained in the national character.

In conditions like that it would have been impossible for any government to ration, control or plan. Belgium, in fact, although she has just reduced her Liberal Party to the same pathetic dimensions as Britain, is spiritually and economically liberal to the point of being anarchist. It is an outlook that has very real weaknesses. You can see them at Ypres, which after the last war was promptly reconstructed along its fifteenth-century ground plan with all the inconvenience and none of the beauty of its fifteenth-century buildings. You can see them on the coast all the way from Zeebrugge to La Panne, where one villa will be built like a Gothic castle, the next will imitate a Cubist factory, while the third will be a replica of a transatlantic liner. But now that this impatience with controls has decided Belgium's post-war economy by allowing everybody to buy what he likes, now that the price of consumer goods has been forced down by their quantity, and now that free competition has been allowed to find its own level and Trade Unions, divorced from party,[1] have been free to spend all their energies on preventing the exploitation of the worker, one wonders whether the Belgians have stumbled on the right way.

True, all those sound economists who told us that it would spell ruin for Britain to desert the Gold Standard, that Roosevelt's New Deal could only end in bankruptcy, and Nazi Germany would never afford a war, are confident that there is a terrible crash just around the corner. British people in particular, who always manage to believe that what is uncomfortable must necessarily be virtuous, are persuaded that the spendthrift will inevitably be made to suffer. But to the sceptic, drawing ruefully nearer home on the Ostend packet, while stewards press upon him cigarettes at pre-Budget prices by the hundred, the three little bottles of brandy he may import duty free and as much chocolate as he cares to buy, the question comes: Is our ordeal really necessary?

[1]The leading parties, Catholic, Socialist and Liberal, each possess their own group of organised Trade Unionists.

FLORENCE, *an engraving for Barton's* General History of Europe

THE GRAND TOUR

Currency and other travel restrictions are impeding true international relations

JOAN HASLIP

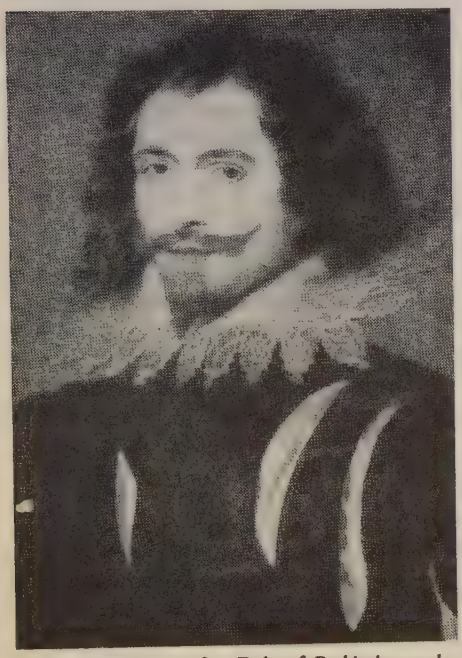
'We travel not for trafficking alone,
By hotter winds our fiery hearts are fanned.'

In these lines Flecker voices the instinctive urge of almost every Englishman, the restlessness which possesses us more than other nations, which leads us across the sea, no matter whether our purse and our imagination run to a week-end at Boulogne, or a Pacific island; no matter whether you are a boy in search of adventure drifting down to the London docks—through those Poplar lanes whose very names spell enchantment—or Milord on the 'Grand Tour'. A tiny spark of Drake persists in an Englishman's make-up, which no amount of regimentation can destroy. It survives despite the deadening effect of queues and 'permits', and the endless filling up of forms; despite the fact that the only form of buccaneering which is easy today is on the black market.

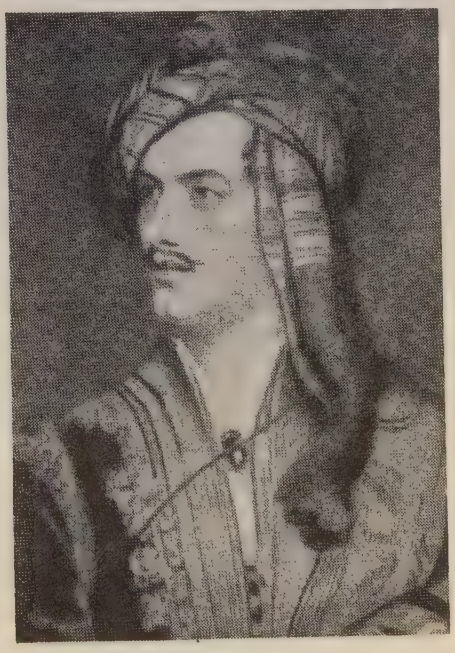
You may argue that the Englishman travels primarily to escape, not to explore, and that it is only when he is on the Channel steamer that he is free to throw his inhibitions overboard. Whatever may be the reason, whether the longing be to escape or to explore, that longing has never been more prevalent than today. The English who rushed over to Paris after the Peace of Amiens, and waited in audience on Buonaparte, were not more eager to escape from the England of Mr. Pitt than we are

to escape from the clutches of Mr. Dalton. Yet somehow it is difficult to envisage a situation in which we might have been clamouring at the doors of the Palazzo Venezia or the Wilhelmsplatz. War in the old days was a far more incidental affair, conducted according to the ethics of Montesquieu with as little harm as possible to the liberty of individuals. How jealously, almost aggressively, our ancestors guarded their liberties. At the height of the Seven Years' War, the Astronomers Royal of Greenwich Observatory showed a splendid disregard of the fact that we were in the process of despoiling Louis XV of half of his colonial empire, by inviting their French colleagues to witness the eclipse of the moon through the new telescope at Greenwich. Fox drank to the success of Washington's armies; and Louis XV congratulated the Maréchal de Biron when he offered to pay Lord Rodney's debts, which kept the English admiral in Paris at a time when he should have been fighting for his country! Picture the situation today with Lord Rodney on his return to London being questioned by the Bank of England as to how he obtained the wherewithal to pay his creditors, and being refused permission to acquit himself of a debt of honour to an enemy subject. Picture the reactions of a Lord Byron, or a Lord Bristol, or any other of those carefree travellers who sailed their yachts under the muzzles of Turkish guns, and drove their *batteries de cuisine* through the gauntlet of invading armies, if any member of the Treasury had dared to make inquiries as to the sums they spent on the Grand Tour. Picture the indignation of the great bankers, like Mr. Drummond, or Mr. Coutts, if some petty official had ventured to pry into their clients' bank accounts.

Occasionally, those travellers may have been a trifle too debonair and carefree. There was the famous occasion when Lord Sligo bribed the crew of a British frigate to man his private yacht, and this in the very year when Napoleon crossed the Niemen, and Wellington established his lines at Torres Vedras. But now we remember Lord Sligo, not as the young man



GEORGE VILLIERS, *first Duke of Buckingham, who accompanied Prince Charles to Madrid*



LORD BYRON, *who followed the custom of wearing foreign dress when travelling abroad*

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, *ambassador and collector*

who appeared in the dock at the Old Bailey on the charge of seducing men of His Majesty's Navy in time of war, but as the art collector who brought to these islands the gateway of the treasure house of Athens.

Pathetic indeed would be the state of our museums and art galleries had it not been for the Grand Tour, and that certain snobbishness which made it imperative for a young man on his travels to pose as a connoisseur of art—so that even the bucolic George III became immortalised as the patron of Canaletto. Was it Charles I who set the fashion when, as Prince of Wales, he made what still remains the most romantic of all Grand Tours—the famous journey to Spain in company with the Duke of Buckingham? Today, when we spend millions of pounds selling British culture abroad through the medium of an army of officials living comfortably at government expense, one is tempted to wonder whether George Villiers' methods of propaganda were not more effective and, in the long run, much cheaper. When he and Prince Charles set out for Madrid to woo the Infanta, and win the friendship of the Spaniards, still smarting from the humiliation of the Armada, Buckingham persuaded King James to part with vast quantities of jewels. Night after night he and the young prince would appear in Madrid blazing with gems, with diamonds so loosely sewn on to their suits that they scattered them in their wake. Whenever one was picked up and handed back, Buckingham would casually wave it aside, as if such baubles were of no account. No wonder that the Spaniards who pocketed the jewels waxed enthusiastic on such lordly generosity! And though, according to present-day standards, such behaviour may savour of the ostentatious, it proves that Buckingham possessed what very few of our professional propagandists possess today—a real flair for gauging the mentality of the people with whom he was dealing. He may not have succeeded in persuading Philip IV to give his sister in marriage to a Protestant prince, but he did succeed in impressing the Spaniards with the power and wealth of Stuart England.

Charles brought no Spanish princess back to England. But his baggage included some of the Prado masterpieces. And though many of these, such as Titian's 'Charles V', found their way back to Spain after the Commonwealth sales, sufficient remained to form the nucleus of the Royal collections of Windsor and Hampton Court. Added to the gifts of Philip were Titians and Tintorettos from private collections, bought out of the prince's private funds. Thus Charles started a fashion which was to persist for three hundred years, and which filled the country houses of England with the treasures of the Renaissance. It is only now that the currency restrictions force the English traveller to avoid the art dealers and antique shops on the Continent. Were he alive today, Lord Hertford would have to wander blindfold through the streets of

Paris; and London would be the poorer without the Wallace Collection. An ambassador like Sir William Hamilton would be made to account for every penny, and though the Treasury might grant him an extra allowance for his banquet to Nelson, he would never be permitted to indulge in the collecting of vases from Magna Græcia.

Recently, Mr. Bevin stated that he wished to see a world in which men could travel without passports. However, so long as the currency restrictions exist, they act as a far greater brake upon one's freedom than any passport. Perhaps these laws are necessary in our present state of financial enbarrassment, but there is no denying that they have been disastrous for British prestige abroad. The foreigner who for centuries has been used to think of Englishmen as lavish spenders and generous givers (for what other nation, except perhaps the Americans, has bequeathed so many museums and hospitals in countries other than its own?) now sees these same Englishmen indulging in blackmarket deals, to eke out a few extra francs or, where strictly law-abiding, unashamedly sponging on their friends. It is no longer a question of escaping or exploring. One stays abroad merely as long as one's seventy-five pounds last out, unless one happens to belong to the new privileged class which has come into existence since the war—the glorified commercial traveller who sells British goods and British 'culture' in the grand hotels of Europe. No doubt the ten-pounds-a-day business men are highly efficient in selling tweeds to Latin America, and plumbing to the Middle East, but as ambassadors of England, or representatives of what even now in this regimented age we still stand for, they are not as efficacious as were the dilettanti on the Grand Tour—those careless, lovable young men who used Europe as the background for their fantasy, endowing it with museums, mixing in its local politics, even on occasions going so far as to die for other people's freedom, or those others who, not content with exploring the more familiar, travelled East 'for lust of knowing what should not be known.' Men like Ralph Fitch, women like Hester Stanhope, down to Doughty and the Lawrence of our own memories: men and women who became woven into the legends told on the banks of the Euphrates.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE, 1776–1839, *one of the greatest of English travellers*

What chance would they have today in bureaucratic England, where over-centralisation is sapping our vitality as surely as in the past it sapped the vitality of France and of Spain? What chance would they have today in this world of forms and files, permits and trade unions, all combining to curb the first primitive urge of the boy in search of adventure drifting down to the docks and the sea?

'The truly generous is the truly wise.'—*J. Home.*

We Need Labour

YET—EVEN FOREIGN-BORN WORKERS LIVING HERE ARE SEVERELY RESTRICTED

FRYD IRVING

A FEW weeks ago in Parliament the Minister of Labour was asked for a statement about the restrictions that prevented aliens who had been for many years in this country from earning a living. The Parliamentary Secretary replied that he did not think it was right for an alien who had come to this country on compassionate grounds to 'gate-crash' into employment.

This observation by a responsible spokesman of the Government is all the more amazing when one considers the reply given by the Under-Secretary of State to the Home Office to a similar question a week or two before. His statement said that 'it was a general principle of the Home Secretary's policy that if a foreigner was allowed to reside in this country for a substantial or indefinite period, he ought *not* to be prevented from taking employment.'

No stretch of the imagination is required to conclude from these two contradictory statements that the Government lacks a definite policy with regard to the problem of aliens and their employment. This view is confirmed by the widely varying endorsements in the grey police registration books which are issued to aliens.

It is an amusing, though pathetic, sight to watch a group of aliens comparing their respective status when they congregate to discuss their difficulties. You can bet your bottom dollar that you will not find two among any given group who enjoy the same privileges, although their history and circumstances are identical!

Now, these people can be divided into two main categories. There are those who have managed to bring with them some capital and have established their own firms. They have discovered a loophole in the law which enables them to become shareholders in a limited company with a majority of shares, persuading an English friend to be their nominal director for a small fee. In most cases they have obtained permits as managers or secretaries of these companies and as such are entitled to draw salaries and any accrued profits. The second category consists of the wage-earners and salaried job-holders who have to possess special qualifications before a permit for work is granted. It is true that during the war the process of applying for such a permit had become less tedious and tiresome and many of these people were allowed to do war work and enter other employment.

But with the return of peace, the old restrictions have been revived, with the result that many are reluctant to change their occupation for fear of losing their hard-won privilege of making a living. In fact, a large number of these people are experiencing a great deal of hardship before they are able to secure the necessary formalities for suitable employment.

Another interesting topic of conversation among aliens is the endorsement they receive on their 'travelling papers' when they return from abroad. The 'travelling papers' consist of two folio sheets of white paper issued by the Home Office, which take anything up to eight weeks to obtain.

In addition, the holder has to secure a return visa for the purpose of re-entering this country.

More often than not, a person who has lived in this country for almost ten years discovers to his consternation that he has been permitted to land 'on condition that the holder does not remain longer in the U.K. than three months and does not enter any employment paid or unpaid without the consent of the Ministry of Labour and National Service.'

Little wonder that a considerable number of aliens refrain from going abroad, although it is in many cases essential for them to renew old personal contacts with a view to promoting export trade for this country.

To illustrate the anomaly of this situation, I will tell you the story of a business man of my acquaintance who happens to be an alien. Last December this man went abroad on a business trip. He made valuable contacts and brought back important information and data for future business. He happened to be lucky and his visa was not endorsed by the immigration official with a specific time limit for remaining in this country. It simply said 'Permitted to land on condition that holder does not remain in the U.K. longer than such date as may be specified by the Secretary of State.'

However, it stipulated that he was not entitled to change his employment without the consent of the Ministry of Labour. Well, a month after his return he found it necessary, in view of his newly made contacts, to transfer his activities to another firm which had more suitable merchandise for his particular export requirements.

In accordance with regulations, he informed the police that he was no longer employed by his old firm, and the new firm made an application on his behalf to the Ministry of Labour for a permit to be granted to him to enter the new post. A long correspondence ensued between the firm and the Ministry, the latter suggesting an Englishman for the job.

When the firm replied citing the particular circumstances of the case and the

Making wrist-watch straps in Rhondda Valley—a new industry started by German refugees

qualifications of the applicant, adding that he had resided in this country for ten years and had applied for naturalisation, it was passed on to a 'higher authority' and nothing more has been heard of it. That was in February; we are now in August, and this fellow is still without his permit!

The result is that this country has lost several thousand pounds' worth of export business; the firm has lost a number of good customers and profit; the poor chap is without a job and having a tough time making ends meet. Above all, if this alien is allowed to stay here indefinitely, how is he expected to make a living if he is refused the right to earn one? It just does not make sense!

This problem of aliens and employment has to be approached from a realistic point of view. We have to look at these things as they are and not as we would like them to be. Whilst it was a wise precaution in the days immediately preceding the last war—when thousands of people were trying to dodge Hitler's fury and were knocking at Britain's door—to see to it that jobs were first and foremost available for Britons, this case no longer holds good in present circumstances.

There are many thousands of aliens in this country today who have been residents for the past eight or ten years. They have been subjected to the same dangers and ordeals of war as any ordinary British citizen. They have been proud to share in Britain's greatest hour and these common experiences have made them part of the community. The majority of them have rendered valuable service on the home front during the war and did splendid work in many other fields. In all but a few cases these people have no country to go back to and are therefore destined to stay here and be absorbed in the economic structure of this country. It is only natural, therefore, that they should have come to regard Britain as their home.

With the advent of peace many industries have been reconverted and many aliens have had to look for other jobs. What a bitter and sad realisation it must be for them to discover suddenly that they are not to be accorded the elementary right of any human being to offer his labour in return for food, clothes and shelter!

However strange it may be to conceive, these people require the necessities of life today as does anybody else, irrespective of the 'compassionate or other grounds' on which they entered this country eight or ten years ago. Besides, they are able to contribute in no uncertain manner to the economic recovery of this country. Particularly in the export drive can they be of immeasurable help, knowing as they do several languages, and having many friends abroad.

It has been suggested that they should be directed into 'the less popular occupations', and it can be safely assumed that many of them will jump at any opportunity which will provide them with a livelihood. But no one will doubt for a moment that a person can only produce of his best if allowed to make the most advantageous use of his abilities and qualifications.

Furthermore, we are repeatedly reminded *by Ministers* that the *lack of manpower is to be blamed* for the many shortages which we have to endure; that almost every branch of industry, trade and commerce is *hopelessly under-staffed* and that *this is the reason* for the slow progress of Britain's economic recovery. To suggest in the light of these persistent statements that aliens '*gate-crash*' into jobs is to carry this argument to the extreme limits of absurdity.

A short-sighted and selfish policy will not solve this grave problem which at present causes untold and unnecessary hardship to thousands of people living in this country. It can—if no remedy is soon applied—do a great deal of harm to Britain's economy and to Britain's good name. The simplest method would be to cancel the conditions of landing in all cases where aliens have no country to go back to and have resided in this country since September 1939 or before. This issue will have to be faced sooner or later, and the sooner the better for all concerned.

Bisham Abbey, Marlow, where there are courses for foreign referees!

INTERNATIONAL SPORT AND GOODWILL

Are the Olympics a bad thing? They should be regarded as individual, and not as national, contests

RAYMOND GLENDENNING

PERHAPS August, our slackest month, is the best possible time to sit back and ponder some of the sporting problems facing not only this country but indeed the whole world. For whether we like it or not, the Olympic Games—the world's greatest sporting festival—will be upon us in roughly ten months. Whether, in view of the tremendous rehabilitation headaches facing every European government, the decision to revive the Games was too premature, it is no use debating. Further, whether, despite the great honour paid us, we should attempt to stage the Games in this country, having regard to our delicate food and housing position, is also beside the point.

The 1948 Olympic Games are an established fact and equally established is that they will take place next July in London. What can, and is, being argued in sporting circles is whether these world-wide sporting encounters are a good or bad thing for international relations.

Overwhelmingly, the athletes who take part say they are a good thing. Many are

RAYMOND GLENDENNING, *the well-known B.B.C. commentator*

FRANK SWIFT

the life-long friendships formed as the result of Continental tours. The spirit of any get-together, such as that arranged by the International Club when tennis players of twenty-eight nations met before Wimbledon, is proof positive. This view is further borne out by the well-known Honorary Team Manager to the A.A.A., Mr. Jack Crump, who, when I brought up the subject, could not recall one occasion in the last three Olympics where, despite occasional mistakes and differences amongst the officials, there was a conflict between athletes. On the contrary, he pointed out that in the Olympic dressing rooms time and again he has seen rivals from different countries helping each other by explaining their own 'tricks of the trade', and often overcoming the language difficulty by signs and demonstrations.

The latest recollection I have of a similar instance is of seeing Frank Swift trying to explain by actions to the Swiss goalkeeper after the recent international in Zürich how quickly defence can be turned into attack by an accurate throw-out, instead of the approved Continental fashion of bouncing the ball to the edge of the penalty area before clearing.

In the second game three days later it was quite plain the Swiss 'keeper had been quick to learn all right.

That is what the individual sportsman feels and, after all, the accredited object of the Olympic Games is to find the best individual at each of a certain number of athletic pursuits—agreed upon each occasion by the Olympic Federation. The same sports do not necessarily figure on the programme each time. At least ten nations must approve the 'contest', and so games which, like Rugby Football, are limited to relatively few nations, are not included. There is, therefore, no 'national prestige' motive behind the choosing of the various events and there should be none behind the winning of them. It is all the more unfortunate, therefore, that certain recorders persist in listing the nations as winners rather than the athletes themselves, and even go so far as to compile a points table in which countries are rated on the prowess of their representatives. The hoisting of his nation's flag every time a winner is announced may possibly have started this,

BARBARA ANN SCOTT

HENRY COTTON

but it is a fact that no points are awarded in the Olympic Games except in the Decathlon which depends entirely on individual performance. So long as the Olympic Games are regarded, as they should be, as an individual contest, then they can do nothing but good. Remember, too, that the country staging the Games has a tremendous influence on them. The fault in 1936 was not in the Games themselves, but in the use to which the German propagandists put them. We have a great chance next year of staging this world-wide sports tournament in its proper atmosphere. 'Why, then,' I hear you saying, 'is nearly every match between two countries followed by some kind of international incident?' I wouldn't agree with you. On the whole, the incidents are few and far between, and where they have occurred they have not, in my opinion, been caused by the sporting clash. Rather has the game been used as a means of giving vent to some latent hostility between the countries taking part.

And so long as there is hostility amongst nations, there is always the danger of 'incidents'.

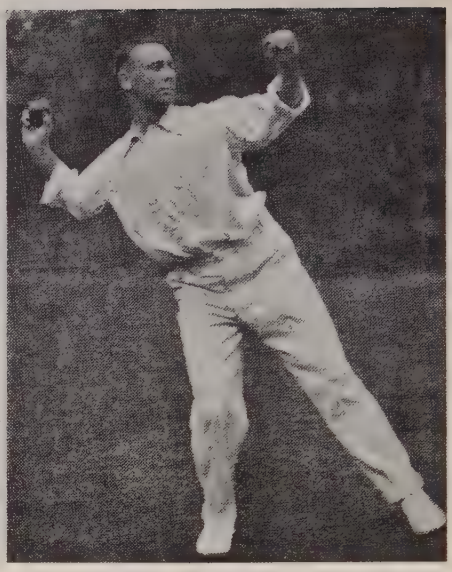
But stopping international contests won't help matters. That feeling will soon find some other method of expression.

On the other hand, there are disagreements and misunderstandings that, under the brilliant spotlight of publicity, assume the magnified proportions of 'incidents'. Team games are mainly concerned with these, and soccer, the most widely played game on the Continent, in particular.

One recalls the somewhat turbulent ending of the Arsenal *v.* Moscow Dynamos match played in a thick fog—the quibbles the Russians had as to the make-up of their opponents' eleven; the surprise in this country when these 'amateurs' were rewarded with cash prizes on their return home; more recently the invasion of the field by a normally well-behaved Geneva crowd; the non-appearance of the chagrined Portuguese eleven, beaten 10–0 by England, at the official banquet.

These things are regrettable but shall we help matters by fighting shy of international sport? On the contrary, only by continuing to demonstrate the way in which games should be played can we hope to influence other nations.

Chelsea, with flowers presented by the Russian Dynamos



JACK HOBBS *throws in*

Also, and this is a very important point, only by standardising the interpretation of the laws of the game and establishing an adequate standard of refereeing.

Now that the British Football Associations have rejoined F.I.F.A. (the International Federation), there is every hope of the former coming about. As regards the latter, the F.A. are running a series of courses especially for Continental referees at Bisham Abbey, the Central Council's sports college on the Thames at Marlow.

The temperament of Continental and Latin-American crowds is well known. The constant refereeing of Continental internationals by men accustomed to giving fearless split-second decisions like Reader (Southampton), Webb (Glasgow) and Barrick (Northampton), backed by the sending out of teams to play national sides, senior and junior clubs and boys' organisations is to my mind the only way of avoiding further 'incidents'.

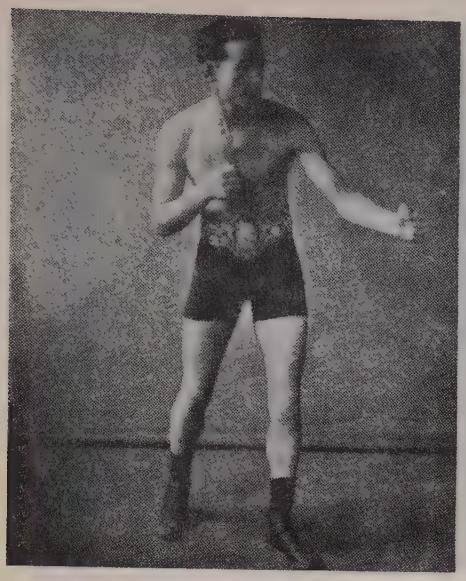
I am not optimistic enough to suppose that Baron de Coubertin's ideal that 'the glory of the Games lies not in winning but in taking part' will ever be universally recognised, but a little more of that spirit and a little less of the 'win-at-all-costs or we lose national prestige' can be brought about by the positive policy I have outlined above.

Russians Receive Cash

One problem always threatening to create 'incidents' and always liable to as far as I can see is the definition of 'amateur'. How one can reconcile the forbidding of a Canadian ice queen to accept a grateful present from her townsfolk on the one hand, and on the other allow the Russians, openly presented with cash prizes whenever they lower a world's record, to retain their amateur status, I fear will never be solved.

I am of the opinion that amateurism has always been abused, and will always continue to be. I don't see us accepting the Russian interpretation, nor can I see them accepting ours.

To confuse matters further, we learn from Stockholm that the Select Committee now recommends 'reimbursement for wages lost' during the Olympic Games without the athletes concerned losing their status.



JIM DRISCOLL

JOE DAVIS *in play*

Take another case. Our amateur soccer players will be taking on the might of France, Switzerland and other countries who have succeeded in the main in holding our best professional sides—why? Simply because a 'professional' is defined in those countries as definitely *a whole-time player* but the part-time or partly rewarded player is lumped in the amateur category.

But shall we drop out of Olympics soccer just because of that? No, sir. I believe if we gave our amateurs a thorough three months' training together under F.A. coach team manager, Walter Winterbottom, we could still beat them. I hope we shall.

So I say, continue with international contests. Yes, even though we may, as seems too often the case now, be beaten; for even the vanquished can teach the valuable lesson of 'accepting defeat gracefully.'

But, let me conclude, there is no need for us to accept defeat as often as we are doing at the moment.

Here is room for another positive policy. We must put an end to our present tendency of becoming a nation of game watchers rather than game players.

The youth of this country must be encouraged to play more sport and play it more seriously. It must be encouraged practically. Here is work for local authorities. More facilities, such as concrete matting-covered wickets, cement tennis courts and better soccer pitches in the public parks; more instructional courses and coaching facilities; more encouragement, more facilities and more coaching: and once again we shall turn out the Hobbs and Hendrens, the Driscolls and Wildes, the Joe Davises, the Henry Cottons, and the Fred Perrys who put us on top of the sporting world.

And it is important that we should get back there, so that our words and actions may carry the greatest possible weight in ensuring that international sporting contests do their full share in helping to promote international harmony.

'Without danger the game grows cold.'
Latin Maxim

Specially drawn for WORLD REVIEW *by Ronald Searle*

PROFILE (3)

Frank Owen

J. R. ST. JOHN

THE editors of large newspapers nowadays keep very much in the background and the readers are seldom conscious of their character and personality. But you only have to read the *Daily Mail* for five minutes to become conscious of Frank Owen. He probably has more drive, vitality, and fresh ideas than anyone else now in Fleet Street, and when Rothermere offered him the editorship early this year, it was generally recognised as a bold step towards putting the *Mail* back in its old position.

He calls himself a liberal (with a small 'l' these days) and the *Mail* is now a good deal nearer the Centre than it used to be. He doesn't hesitate to attack the Conservatives, as well as the Government, when he feels they need it, and he maintains that many of the Conservative leaders have little idea of how ordinary people live; on the other hand, he calls their new Industrial Charter 'pure liberalism'.

In himself he is very unlike most people's conception of a big editor. Dressed in an open-necked white shirt, he walks up and down his rather stuffy and respectable office planning the next day's issue, reinforcing his points with the aid of a long brass ruler waved in the air. If he feels like it at opening time, he will lead some of the boys out of the back entrance of Northcliffe House to continue the discussion in the 'Duck' next door.

His father, who had been a merchant seaman, kept a pub called 'Number Ten' and when Frank, who had begun as a reporter on the *South Wales Argus*, stood as a Liberal candidate for Hereford in the 1929 election, the locals thought it a good omen and sent him to Westminster as the House's youngest member. But he lost his seat in the landslide of 1931 and returned to journalism, joining up with Beaverbrook after a short while on the *News Chronicle*. He was on the *Express* for seven years, by no means always doing what he was told, and ended up as the editor of the *Evening Standard*. While there, he became a minor embarrassment to the Government and others because of his vigorous campaigning for the Second Front and his part editorship of *Guilty Men*.

He was called up in 1942 and in due course became a fully qualified tank officer. Then, much to his disgust at first, Viscount Mountbatten asked him to edit *SEAC*, the paper for the 'forgotten' army in Burma. The difficulties to be overcome in getting it out were enormous, and he personally helped to load the first issue on to the plane which carried it to the front line, after turning out a couple of Colonels in order to make room for it! He put into the paper just what the men wanted—familiar features from home such as 'Jane' and the latest football results. On the front page appeared his own column 'Good Morning'—now a regular feature in the *Mail*.

Back in Fleet Street, he is already at the top of his profession although only forty-two. He says there is nothing easier for an editor than to become swollen-headed. But while he likes quite a few people who are rogues, he can't stand pomposity. Whenever he feels himself in any danger of becoming pompous, he always reminds himself that the life of any one editor is short when compared with the life of the paper he edits.

Where there should be Freedom

The State is spending yet more on Education. But, need he who pays the piper call the tune?

CHARLES WATERMAN

Author of *The Three Spheres of Society*. Faber & Faber, 12s. 6d.

One great mark of our time is the spread of political influence over spiritual-cultural life. In this country the State is extending its influence on education; it will soon have a good deal of control over medicine; its planning and direction are spreading far into the realms of science. And in some countries, of course, virtually all spiritual life has been brought under State discipline.

Behind this tendency lies a very real need. Throughout history many fields of spiritual life have been largely a privileged preserve, effectively open only to those with a passport of birth or rank or money. Education, apart from the rudiments, and medical care, apart from the crudest forms of it, are obvious examples. Now we have come to feel—rightly, I think—that all these fields should be thrown open. We feel bound to say, 'Here are the waters: let everyone drink who can. Let poverty keep no one out.'

As soon as we say this, we raise practical problems. For it will often happen that the doors cannot be thrown open without large financial aid from the State. And in return the State usually demands some degree of control. So it looks like a choice: either a spiritual life which is free but privileged, or a spiritual life which is democratically open to all, but not free.

These practical problems are not insoluble. There are ways in which the State could open the doors without extending its control inside. I shall say a word about this later. It could be done, and would be done, if there were a real wish for it—if it were widely felt to be essential that spiritual life should be free. But many people today do not feel this. They are either indifferent, or they think it positively desirable that the State should take charge of the activities of the spiritual sphere and run them for the benefit of the community.

The roots of this attitude go pretty deep. They are bound up, I believe, with the prevailing picture of evolution and the origins of spiritual life. According to this, evolution runs from lifeless, unconscious matter through vegetable, animal and man, until finally, out of this single line of evolution from dead matter, all the richness and variety of spiritual and cultural life emerge. Spiritual life arises like an iridescence, a brief noonday shining; and presently it will pass away, like all life, when the earth grows cold or the sun too hot.

This orthodox view leads naturally to certain conclusions. If spiritual life is no

more than a transient candle-flame, it can have no value or purpose apart from what man gives it. It is his to use; there is no idea that it could have a purpose which might be using him.

But what shall he use it for? If spiritual life has no aim or purpose of its own, this becomes a question. And if spiritual activities are not to be treated as mere ornaments of living—which is not satisfying for long—it seems necessary and right that they should be harnessed to some clear human purpose which can be agreed to have social value. And the next step, equally natural, is to let the State, as the supreme social authority, define the goal and say how the harnessing is to be done.

Rudolf Steiner

There will be no strong wish for the freedom of spiritual life while the orthodox view prevails. I am now going to mention, most briefly, a different view. It will not be intended dogmatically; in this realm of origins there can be no strict proofs. I shall offer no more than a working hypothesis which seems to me more plausible, to point more nearly in the right direction, than the other. It was introduced to me by the work of Rudolf Steiner; similar indications can be found also in other traditions which the orthodox picture has obscured.

The ordinary account speaks of a single line of evolution proceeding upward, so to say, from its unknown point of departure in the far past. In the alternative picture there is not only this ascending line of evolution but a descending one—an ascending line of material evolution and a descending line of spiritual evolution. (Of course, the terms 'ascending' and 'descending' are purely metaphorical conveniences.) And the progress of evolution on earth comes from the interweaving of these two elements. The spirit is the organising activity which works on matter—the *mater*, mother or matrix—and forms it, at first from outside; and it is when finally the spirit descends into the most highly evolved and plastic of the animal forms, incarnates in them, that the human being first appears. It is the spirit descending into him which endows him with the capacity to develop language and conceptual thought.

The point is that the spirit does not arise or emerge during evolution: it has been there all the time. It springs from the creative source, and descends. It gradually incarnates in the forms it has shaped: gradually—for even after human beings appear, the descent of the spirit continues. Only now its descent is manifest, not in the evolution of living organisms, but in the evolution of human consciousness.

Early man did not feel himself to be an individual in our modern sense. His life mingled with the life of the group, and with the life of nature around him. Human consciousness, viewed historically, is like a diffused beam which gradually narrows and sharpens, as the spirit sinks more deeply into man, and his spiritual resources come more closely under his individual command. Or, in psychological terms, as his consciousness separates out from the sea of his unconscious and a firm threshold is established between them.

There is a connection here with the findings of modern psychology. Some psychologists, and especially Jung, have been convinced by their clinical work that the consciousness of the typical modern man has reached a peculiar and rather dangerous condition. They find that this modern intellectual consciousness has evolved at the expense of the unconscious—has evolved, one might say, from out of the primordial unconscious by shutting itself off and becoming unduly isolated from its source, its mother. And I would be inclined to suggest that the primordial unconscious is rather akin to what I have spoken of as the spirit not wholly descended, not fully incarnate. For it is the full incarnation which produces both the lighting up of the highly individualised, highly intellectualised consciousness of today *and* its isolation—one might even say its isolation within the cave of the head, the place of the skull. The remedy for this condition, Jung insists, will not be found

in surrender to the unconscious, a mere opening of the floodgates which allows the waters to sweep over the island of the conscious self. That is a regressive process, a cure worse than the disease. The remedy lies rather in establishing a balance, a harmony, in which the conscious is fertilised again from unconscious depths, but is not submerged or overthrown. Modern man has to cross the fear-guarded threshold of his psychic being and renew communion with the child within him, with his youth, his spiritual past.

Society Will Not Wait

Of course, this is bound to be an individual proceeding. But it is a mistake to argue that individual reintegration is all that matters, and that social reform is mere playing with the surface of things. Obviously, if we are to wait for all individuals to be reintegrated before we attempt to improve society, we shall wait for ever—but society will not wait for us. Moreover, it is not true that personal problems are the same in all types of society. A society cannot be perfect, but it can be more or less healthy; it can make the reintegration of persons more difficult, or less.

To ask for a healthy society is a large order, of course. I shall concentrate on one essential. A healthy society must provide for both the conscious and unconscious elements in human nature. Now the tendency of modern society is to give one-sided expression to the conscious element. We find this reflected in all the emphasis today on ordering and planning and organisation. All this comes from applying conscious rational thinking—scientific thinking—to human affairs. And it is a most necessary and valuable development. In no other way can men gain control over their environment and create a society in which opportunity for the free growth of personality shall be open to all.

But we ought to recognise that planning and organisation have always an element of death. They spring from the head-nature of man and have the character of that pole of his being, where clear thinking arises in the place of the skull. They tend always to create rigid forms, and life is always rebelling against those forms. Or in psychological terms we might say that one-sided emphasis on planning and ordering leads to a starvation of the less conscious elements in human nature, the warm, romantic, adventurous side. So, unless the social order is to breed neurosis, this other side must be somehow provided for. And there are two ways of doing this.

One way, the easiest and most popular today, is for the ruling social authority, the State, to provide channels and goals for the emotional energy of the people—to tap this energy, and direct it to approved ends. This way culminates in totalitarianism, with familiar consequences. The other way —and the right way, I think—is to balance a planned economy with a free spiritual life. (By a planned economy I mean a socialised economy, but this need not imply State Socialism. The development I should like to see in the economic sphere is towards something like Guild Socialism; but that is another story.)

In this country we have still a good deal of spiritual freedom; but the tendency to restrict it—for the State to encroach on activities which have been carried on as free professions—is obvious and increasing. Some people may argue that this is harmless, so long as the essential freedoms of conscience and speech and writing are preserved. Against this I would say three things:

1. Spiritual freedom needs to be not only praised, but practised as widely as possible—and its practice is hard and exacting—if the capacity and desire for it are not to fade.

2. The 'essential freedoms' are not exercised only in a few special reserves. Can we feel sure that doctors and teachers, say, will enjoy professional freedom of conscience if their work and livelihood are controlled, even mildly and indirectly, by the State?

3. A time when planning in the economic sphere is spreading, and must

spread, is not a time for encroaching on the freedoms of the spiritual sphere, but for the very opposite.

In this country, therefore, I would like to see the State's tendency to encroach on the spiritual sphere not merely held in check, but reversed. I would like much more freedom for education than we have now—or can have under a national system of education administered by political authorities. And more freedom for journalism than there can be while newspaper chains are owned by wealthy capitalists—and, of course, much more than there could be with a State-owned press. And I should like a National Health Service—but not run by a Minister of Health.

Piper and Tune

But is anything like that practically possible? How could it be done? Well, the principle that should be applied to the subvention of spiritual activities is that he who pays the piper should *not* (if he wants the best music) insist on calling the tune. This principle is already recognised in the granting of State aid to universities; one way of extending it generally to education might be to offer parents, for each child of school age, an educational allowance roughly equal to the cost of educating a child at a State school. Then let the parents spend the allowance with any independent school they like.

All this and much more could be done—if there were a real wish for it and a real understanding of what spiritual life is and means. But we shall not understand this, at least in its social aspects, unless we carry in our minds a true picture of society, and of man himself. The picture I am suggesting is of society between two poles—the pole of earth necessity and the pole of spiritual freedom. In dealing with the earth and its products, man encounters a realm of hard, calculable facts, given facts which in the last resort he cannot modify. It is to this realm, the economic sphere, that his faculty for conscious, intellectual planning can, and should, be turned. It is here that he should apply measure, number and weight to ordering and developing the resources of his earthly heritage, his social estate. But in the spiritual sphere things are different. Here man is dealing with a realm which corresponds more nearly to his own unconscious. And the unconscious cannot be planned and measured and weighed. It has its own potent life which has to be accepted and brought to flow as a fertilising force into the conscious.

Now, just as we have learnt from modern psychology to recognise in the unconscious an autonomous power, springing up from untraceable depths, so it is that we should recognise spiritual life—not as our own creation or tool or toy, but as an autonomous power which flows from out of the deep past, from our own evolutionary birthplace: a power which once worked directly in creation and now seeks to work through men, through their moral responsibility and initiative. Spiritual life has descended into man; but he will not use it rightly unless he knows what it is and whence it springs.

If we do not recognise this, we are like people who have built a wonderful system of waterworks and are accustomed to thinking of water as something very familiar that runs quietly, or does not run, whenever they choose to turn the tap. And they are so used to this, they forget that the water comes from a lake far off in the hills, and that the lake is fed by the rain from heaven, and the rain from the wide ocean. They do not realise that their water system runs back to the energies of the cosmos; and so presently they forget to attend to its distant connections, and the connections silt up.

We are like those people, and our social and our personal life will grow dry and arid, hard and dreary and mechanical, however efficient it seems to be, unless we remember and restore the connections and let the water run. They are living waters from a far-off fountain head; and they will bring their nourishment and refreshment into society only if society stands open to receive them through the freedom of the spiritual life.

FRENCH TAPESTRY

GEORGE LAWRENCE

MOST of us, I suppose, when we think of tapestries, think of them as the final, luxurious furnishing of an already magnificent house or palace—Osterley, perhaps, or Hampton Court, where marble mantelpieces, carved wood, pictures and elaborate furniture attract much of our attention, so that the tapestries themselves are but part of the general richness of the effect, and we hardly have time to dwell lovingly on their often exquisite details.

But when they were first made on a large scale, at the end of the fourteenth century in France, their use and their effect were different. In churches and cathedrals, on the frequent holy days, tapestries were brought out to line the church walls continuously, so that at eye level the worshippers would see practically nothing but tapestry. Above, high Gothic arches might stretch to richly carved and painted vaulting, holding in their embrace the jewelled brilliance of the windows, but below the continued richness of effect depended on the tapestries and on the fine vestments of the officiating priests who might have stepped down from the walls on which the saints of old were portrayed in similar gala dress.

Our museum directors do their best, but something of this all-embracing impression of living in a tapestry world is bound to be lost to us now. Perhaps the nearest analogy in modern life is a Walt Disney fantasy in colour, while of surviving churches the wall-paintings in Eton College Chapel perhaps come nearest to giving this impression.

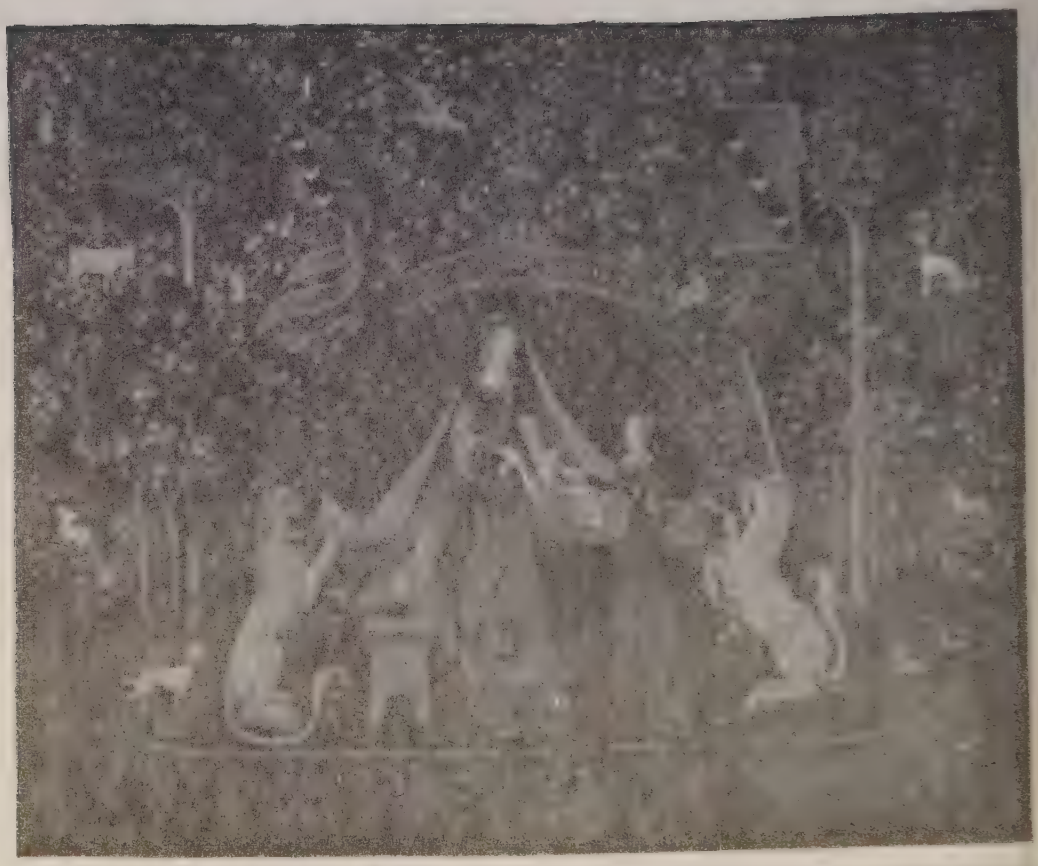
Above all, it is in the world of fantasy that tapestry has an advantage over painting, for the very nature of the material makes us more ready to accept what is strange and removed from ordinary human experience. Figures in needlework even today are always schematic and somewhat fantastic, for it never occurs to us to demand from them the standards of naturalistic accuracy which we tend to expect, perhaps too much, from pictures. I doubt if any painter has ever made really successful illustrations to the 'Book of Revelation'. But no one who has seen them would doubt the success of the *Apocalypse* tapestries made from cartoons by Jean Bandol at the end of the fourteenth century, for the Count of Anjou to decorate the walls of his castle and chapel at Angers. 'And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet.' After a little time in tapestry-land, one takes this sort of thing as being part of the appropriate order of events, much as one takes the strange goings-on in Alice in Wonderland. The butterflies in the background have on their wings the *fleur-de-lis* of the Count of Anjou and the ermines of his wife, and this does not look at all surprising. Our illustration shows 'Mystery, Babylon the Great, the mother of harlots and abominations' and she is 'decked with gold, and precious stones, and pearls' in the form of a seductive jewelled belt halfway down her hips. The waters, on which she sits combing her hair, are 'peoples and

 [*Continued on page 53*

Private Collection

DUMNTET (AUBUSSON, 1946) The Owl and the Cock

Cluny Museum, Paris



SEN ADBUSSON, 194[illegible]

Angers Mus

PARISIAN, 14TH CENTURY

Scene from the Apocaly

Continued from page 48]

multitudes and nations and tongues'. The lady herself is personable enough, and one can sympathise with the kings of the earth and with the nations who have 'drunk of the wine of the wrath of her fornication.' Indeed, the artist meant her vice to be attractive. The prudery of the fourteenth century made it impossible to represent such a scene of female vanity unless disapprovingly, but soon a time was coming when romantic ideas of courtly love would find joyful expression in pictures and tapestries as well as in poetry. There is a lovely picture of Charles VII's mistress, Agnes Sorel, dressed up in all her finery with just such another belt, but the artist, Foucquet, intended her for the Virgin, not for the Whore of Babylon, and the change is significant of an age which could be positively idolatrous in its worship of beauty.

Romance and Fantasy

But neither whore nor goddess (Plate 2), the 'Lady of the Unicorn' is one of the most charming representations of feminine beauty ever made. There are six tapestries: five of them illustrate the five senses. In each we see the same lady playing an organ, crowning herself with flowers, taking a sweet from a gilt dish, stroking the unicorn's horn, and holding up a mirror to the unicorn who is the symbol of chastity. The whole series could have formed the lining of a tent (it would have been new at the Field of the Cloth of Gold) or else it could have been used to partition off some part of a great draughty baronial hall like the arras outside which Polonius hid. In either case the noble lover for whom the series was commissioned would have been entirely surrounded by the different images of his beloved. Perhaps fortunately, no one knows for certain who the lady was, and so cannot contradict our imagination by appealing to hard, historical facts. Certainly she is no theoretical, idealised beauty, but the portrait of some woman of flesh and blood. In all her luxury of jewels and brocades, her bearing and her gestures are gracious, dignified and natural. Our illustration shows the last of the series and is dedicated 'To my only love'. We see her standing before a tent choosing jewels out of a casket carried by her attendant. The island of flowers on which she stands and the tent behind form something like a pyramid whose transverse lines contrast harmoniously with the firm uprights of trees, standards and figures, while the birds and beasts and flowers scattered over the background, all delightful in themselves, are never so strongly accented as to disturb the composition. In the foreground, one is not at all surprised to find a lion and a unicorn holding apart the flaps of the tent. And look at the ropes hitched round trees which hold up the tent: just such a simple device as Babar might have used if he had wanted to pitch a tent!

Seldom have romance and childlike fantasy been mingled so successfully as in this flower of the late Middle Ages, which produced many other fine tapestries. Up to this time, the tapestry-makers had held their heads high, and were in no sense inferior to, or dependent on, the painters. But later in the sixteenth century the painters began to develop subtleties of realistic representation which were extremely difficult to reproduce in tapestry. The skill with which tapestry-makers made their products look like paintings is extraordinary, but one begins to feel that it is the painters who are setting the pace while the tapestry-makers follow with a certain effort: an effort which they should never have been asked to make, since tapestry at its best should remain distinct from painting. The tapestries, such as the mid-sixteenth-century series of the 'Life of the Virgin' at Rheims, though less beautiful than the 'Lady of the Unicorn', are still very lovely indeed. Their gentle shimmering blues and greens and all their wealth of detail could be seen to special advantage during the concerts of early French music in the room where they were hung. For such beauties are best apprehended while one's mind has leisure indolently to dwell on the felicities of chance details. Painters are often out to

make a striking unified impression, the main points of which can be taken in all at once. Perhaps even painters are often too concerned with that aspect of their art, and one may reasonably require from tapestry-makers something decorative and pleasing to live with, whose full beauties will be but slowly apprehended.

Modern Revival

The immense tapestries made for Louis XIV are very striking and magnificent; their technical skill and the labour expended on them is well-nigh incredible, and there are many really lovely passages in them. But one increasingly feels the dependence of the tapestry workers on the painters and is conscious that they are attempting something both impossible and undesirable.

Things got worse in the next reign when Oudry, an able business man but a mediocre painter, insisted that the Gobelins factory should reproduce his pictures as literally as possible, without making any concessions to the difference in technique. Things went from bad to worse in the nineteenth century, when the pictures which were literally reproduced with relentless accuracy were mostly downright bad pictures, quite lacking in the decorative qualities of Oudry's facile but agreeable art.

The only partial exception to the general decay of the art was the Morris factory in England. Those who do not like Burne-Jones's drawing of figures are bound to be put off Morris tapestries, but still one finds beautiful flowers and trees in the background, and Morris was a craftsman who knew that a tapestry was not a painting.

Quite recently, there has been an important revival of the art of tapestry in France. The painter, Jean Lurçat, studied at the Aubusson factory, where he learnt to make designs which are thought out in terms of tapestry and can be carried out successfully in that technique only. He also organised the factory on a sound commercial basis, so that the workers are decently paid, and the products are within the reach of people with middle-class incomes. This radical reduction in price could, of course, only be achieved by scrapping the extravagant habit of dyeing pounds and pounds of wool in many thousands of shades in case they might be needed to reproduce some rare tint employed by a painter, and, instead, reducing the tapestry designers' repertoire to a comparatively limited range of wools well tested for their resistance to fading. These reforms have not been entirely welcome to all the tapestry-makers, for they used to have a fascinatingly difficult, technical job in attempting to turn pictures into tapestries whereas, they feel, any competent stooge can follow Lurçat's detailed and explicit instructions. But I think most people will agree that Lurçat is right in principle. Whether one likes his tapestries or not is a different matter. They are angular and prickly like thistles, but thistles can be very beautiful. They have their roots in the contemporary world of restlessness, and we cannot expect to find in them the idylls of courtly love which drew crowds to the earlier rooms of the recent exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum. But I am glad that, with this article in mind, I spent much longer than I otherwise should in the rooms devoted to modern tapestry, for their charm grows on one.

'The Owl-headed bird and the Cock' (Plate 1), woven by Dumontet from a cartoon by Lurçat, is a good, simple design. I should like to put it in a nursery and see how children reacted to it. The 'Man with an Owl on his Head' (Plate 3), woven by Jansen, also from a cartoon by Lurçat, is the symbol of hard-earned wisdom. The more I looked at it, the more I liked it, and I wish there was space to reproduce Lurçat's flying stag made 'In homage to Ladies and to Unicorns'.

During the war, the Aubusson factory was a centre of the Resistance Movement and, after our landings in Normandy, the resisters drove back an attack of the Germans who came in some force with tanks to destroy the factory. One is glad that a battle was fought for something so French, and so well worth defending.

2

SHADING

ANTHONY ARMSTRONG

'FACT, I assure you,' said the little man, finishing his beer importantly and stabbing a fussy forefinger at my chest. 'Before our firm publishes a novel nowadays we insist that it's over a certain length.' This was in a little pub within easy popping-out distance of three big publishers, so the talk was inclined to be literary-cum-commercial. 'What with the paper shortage and——'

'But surely', I interrupted, 'quality, not quantity, is——'

'Have you ever seen,' he cut in, in his turn, 'the average suburban old lady, the backbone of the circulating libraries, choosing a novel? She's not guided by anything so banal as an appreciative review, or even the author's name. No, she just asks some child behind the counter, young enough to be her granddaughter, to find her another book, please, and then says, "Is this good?" The kid, whose personal reading is probably *Pam's Paper,* gives as her considered opinion, "Oh yes, madam." Then what does the old dame do?'

'Looks at the ending?' I suggested.

'Yes, but only to see how many pages it's got. Because if it's a short one, it may not last her over the weekend or till whenever it is she can come in again. Result: the libraries won't buy short books from us, because their patrons simply won't look at—oh, thanks! Mine's a bitter!'

'But supposing,' I asked, 'you get a really good novel submitted to you which isn't up to your certain length?'

'If it's by a young and unknown author we ask him to pad it out—er, that is to say, we suggest to him that certain vital scenes are a little too tersely treated for a work

of such outstanding genius. Any young author is only too eager to expand his vital scenes—eager to expand the whole darn book, in fact.'

'What about a too-short manuscript from an established writer?'

He lowered half his beer, then he lowered his voice. 'We pad that out ourselves in the office,' he murmured. 'That's *my* job. This is just between you and me, of course.'

I was too staggered to reply, and he went on: 'Naturally, we ask 'em first if they'd mind our tactfully lengthening it here and there, or would they prefer to do it themselves. Equally naturally, being famous, they're always far too busy. After all, some

famous authors have "ghosts"; and I'm much less than a "ghost"—just a mere "shade". I just shade in some bits deeper, as it were, bits any writer whose pen runs away with him might.—Here!' he pulled some sheets out of his pocket, 'this is the sort of thing.'

I read: '*The room was utterly silent. Then came a faint sound of breathing outside the door. Hugo quickly turned out the light and drew his gun as someone entered. Remembering his war experiences, he soon gauged the direction and fired. Swift as light the bullet sped, but all he heard was a laugh which he recognised. "Jane!" he cried, switching on the light. In front of him stood a young girl, simply dressed. "What a mercy I missed"!*'

'See!' put in the little man. 'That's what the author wrote; these next pages are how I've "shaded" it. Of course I never interfere with the plot—just add inessentials. I've used Wordsworth, a Stores Catalogue, Milton, *Encyclopædia Britannica*, an architect's specification, fashion papers, *Whitaker's Almanac*, etcetera, etcetera, and my own imagination.'

I read again: '*The darkened room was utterly silent, so silent that it seemed almost to have borrowed that silence that is in the starry skies, the sleep that is among the lonely hills. Then a soft and solemn breathing sound rose, like a stream of rich-distilled perfumes, and stole upon the night from the far side of the two-inch B.C. pine door with one-piece laminated panel and strong mortice lock, type of handle to be approved. Hugo Richard Daingnton-Ponsonby-Maltravers—Hugo to his friends—realised that he must act swiftly. His fingers stole quickly to the chromium-plated electric light switch and at a touch the 220-volt current ceased to flow through the 25-watt gas-filled bulbs in the five-light pendant of Georgian design well finished in antique brass and wood complete with fittings. . . .*'

'You see, he's put out the light,' came over my shoulder. 'Get it?'

I nodded and read on: '*He quickly drew his Service Model Mark VI ·455 revolver, the simplest, strongest and certainly the best made of all weapons, superior to other revolvers in material, construction and solidity and adopted by His Majesty's Navy, Army, Indian and Colonial Forces. From his war experience—for he had served as an officer in France, Norway, Greece, North Africa, Italy, Burma and Germany (strike out where not applicable)—he gauged the direction and pressed the trigger. This had the effect of lifting the lever attached to the sear, the raising of which in turn allowed the mainspring to act backwards on the hammer which impinged on the striker and fired the cartridge. Swift as light the bullet sped; or so it seemed to him, for in reality this was an exaggeration seeing that light travels in vacuo at 183.325 miles per second, whereas the speed of a revolver bullet is about one hundred-thousandth part of that figure, and anyway the room was in darkness at that. But all he heard was a series of short expiratory blasts provoking a clear sound from the vocal chords, kept tense for the purpose with at the same time other inarticulate but very characteristic sounds from the vibrating structures of the larynx and pharynx. He recognised it as a laugh. "Jane!" he cried, as his fingers stole quickly to the chromium-plated. . . .*'

'This next bit is the same as before, down to "*wired complete with fittings*"—except that the 220-volt current now flows again.'

I read on: '*In front of him, that is, exactly face to face, neither to one side nor the other, nor yet behind, stood a girl. She was simply dressed in a chic and practical suit for the autumn, skirt in black frieze with a cardigan in Scilla blue, tailored on severely practical lines with patch-pockets and. . . .*'

'Afraid I'll have to change that now,' he interrupted fussily, taking the paper back. 'Out of fashion. Still, you get the idea.'

I was feeling slightly stunned. 'Interesting job!' was all I could say.

'Very. It has its drawbacks though. You see, one gets into the "shading" habit whatever one's writing.' He paused awkwardly. 'I—er—wonder if you'd mind helping me with this?' He had taken a mass of telegraph forms from his pocket. 'It's a wire to my wife to say I'll be late for supper tonight, but so far I can't get it below seventy-four words.'

FORTHCOMING PRODUCTIONS

Korda's work for Britain—Rank's opportunity—Korda's New Challenge

PATRICK GIBBS

During the past seven years the British cinema has been so increasingly dominated by the single figure of Mr. J. Arthur Rank that it has seemed almost as if the industry had previously been without any sort of leader, and that filmgoers had Mr. Rank alone to thank for the improvement in numbers and quality of the films which have emerged from British studios since his organisation took shape.

Output has increased greatly since pre-Rank days, and quality has risen in a most satisfactory manner. Some measure of advance, however, could have been expected in any case, and Mr. Rank was astute, and perhaps also fortunate, in the timing of his entry into the film industry. Foundations had been laid laboriously by many producers over a period of twenty years: the building was all but erected when Mr. Rank stepped in to enjoy its occupation.

The metaphor can be taken literally when applied to studios, for Denham, scene of so many Rank productions, was originally built by Sir Alexander Korda for London Films. To Korda, indeed, Mr. Rank owes much more than the presence of some very convenient bricks and mortar at Denham, for it was London Films, with 'The Private Lives of Henry VIII', which made the first British film to be compared with a Hollywood production, and to reveal, incidentally, the possibility of a home film industry. What subsequent Korda films suggested more emphatically, Mr. Rank ultimately accomplished: a flourishing film-making organisation in England.

CHRISTINE NORDEN, *trapped as a murderess, throws herself over a balcony. From* Night Beat, *directed by Harold Huth*

This opportunity seized by Rank, Korda sacrificed to his ventures in America. He is, of course, not British-born but Hungarian, and his interests, it seems, were less in British films than in films in general. When opportunities in England appeared good, those in Hollywood must have seemed better; whatever the reason, Korda failed to consolidate the position he had built up

KIERON MOORE, JONE SALINAS *and* MARGARET JOHNSTON, *in* A Man About the House (*British Lion*)

over a period of ten years, and it was left to Mr. Rank, who, it must be remembered, is not an artist but a business man, to reap his present rewards.

Now Sir Alexander Korda is back in this country; his company, London Films, has been reorganised with offices in palatial houses at Hyde Park Corner, and, more important, with studios at Isleworth and Shepperton. For the past year Korda has been shuttling between this country and America, planning productions, putting artists under contract, and organising what must soon materialise into a challenge to other studios producing quality films.

From all appearances the challenge will be a strong one. Among those who are to make Korda films are such well-known stars as David Niven, Vivien Leigh, Ralph Richardson and Michèle Morgan; Julien Duvivier, Robert Stevenson and Orson Welles will direct; half-a-dozen films are at present in production; one is already completed and will be shown in London in the late summer.

The finished film is 'A Man about the House', adapted from the novel by Francis Brett Young, which was a best-seller of 1942. The two spinsters who are left a villa in Italy and go and live there are played by Margaret Johnston and Dulcie Gray; Kieron Moore is the Italian servant, Salvatore, whose attitude towards them is seemingly amorous but actually murderous; Leslie Arliss has directed. Most of the action takes place in the Italian villa, the Castello Inglese, which was constructed at the Shepperton studios, but the company spent some time in Italy for exterior scenes.

Kieron Moore, who is under contract to Korda, may be remembered for his performance on the London stage last year in Séan O'Casey's play, 'Red Roses for Me'. An Irishman, whose real name is O'Hanrahan, he acted for two years at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, before coming to London in the unsuccessful 'Desert Rats'. Korda thinks highly of this romantic-looking young actor—aged twenty-two and over six feet tall—and has backed his

Another psychological film. DULCIE GRAY *and* BURGESS MEREDITH (*husband of Paulette Goddard*) *in* Mine Own Executioner, *directed by Anthony Kimmins*

judgment to the extent of casting him in two other leading parts before the public has opportunity to approve a single performance.

Of Dulcie Gray he also appears to have a high opinion, which I am unable to share. Her many screen performances, mostly in supporting rôles, have left me unimpressed, and by her several appearances on the London stage I have been equally unmoved. On the other hand, I consider Margaret Johnston, whom I last saw in 'The Rake's Progress', an actress of promise of whom it will be interesting to see more.

A much more ambitious production, now on the floor at Shepperton, is Oscar Wilde's 'An Ideal Husband' which Korda is directing himself in colour with a cast that has been selected with unusual discrimination. No Wilde play has previously been filmed, though 'Lady Windermere's Fan' is at present being made in Hollywood with Bette Davis as Mrs. Erlynne. For the Korda production Cecil Beaton, who is associate producer, has designed costumes for the year 1895; settings by Vincent Korda for the interiors of Mayfair houses of the period have been lavishly decorated, and an enormous outdoor set depicting Hyde Park Corner, Rotten Row and Apsley House constructed for the final scene.

'An Ideal Husband', strange mixture of artificial comedy and sentimental melodrama, has been little altered in adaptation, but the range of the action has been increased. Wilde's witticisms will be mainly in the hands of Michael Wilding, who plays the rakish Lord Goring, and of Glynis Johns, his fiancée Mabel Chiltern—to whom he proposes on Tuesdays and Thursdays! Hugh Williams is the politician and 'ideal husband', Diana Wynyard his loving wife; Paulette Goddard has been brought from Hollywood to take the part of the adventuress who nearly ruins his career and breaks up the marriage.

This cast, completed by Sir Aubrey Smith, as Lord Goring's father, and Constance Collier, is indeed a galaxy of talent,

Yet another Victorian film! DIANA WYNYARD *in Korda's* An Ideal Husband

and to anybody who knows the play, it will be apparent that this is an altogether exceptional achievement in casting. Whether filmgoers will take to Wilde is problematical, but it cannot be gainsaid that Korda is bringing him to the screen with all possible advantages. Whether the film succeeds or fails will depend much on Korda's own direction.

Another large-scale production, also in progress at Shepperton, is a new adaptation of Tolstoy's 'Anna Karenina', of which Greta Garbo made a memorable silent version in 1928. It is difficult to decide where the interest here lies deepest: in director or star, for Anna is being played by Vivien Leigh and the film directed by the Frenchman, Julien Duvivier, who was responsible for perhaps the finest of all films, 'Le Jour Se Lève', and also for the delightful 'Un Carnet de Bal'.

Personally I do not see in Vivien Leigh the ideal Anna, feeling that she lacks the depth of this tragic character who can find happiness with neither husband nor lover, finally casting herself in front of a train from the platform of a Moscow station. However, what a brilliant director may achieve with this undeniably clever actress there is no telling, and I am prepared to be agreeably surprised. Ralph Richardson, under long contract to Korda, is playing Anna's husband, Count Karenin. Kieron Moore is her lover, Count Vronsky.

This apparently versatile young man—one minute a lower-class Italian, the next a Russian aristocrat—will also be seen in 'Mine Own Executioner', from the much-praised novel by Nigel Balchin. He takes the part of the young R.A.F. pilot whose experience as a Japanese prisoner leaves him with a split personality. His wife, whom he keeps attempting to murder, is played by Barbara White. That very good American actor, Burgess Meredith, is the psychiatrist who treats the case—without success. Dulcie Gray is his wife and Rosalyn Boulter the woman who distracts his attention from the case with disastrous results.

This story, both a drama of human relationships and a documentary of the practice of psychiatry, should make an unusual and effective film. Nigel Balchin, indeed, is a welcome recruit to the studios, of whom much will be heard in the future.

All the films mentioned so far have been adaptations from plays or novels, classic or modern. 'Night Beat', which Harold Huth is directing for Korda at Isleworth, is an original story written by the former film critic, Guy Morgan. Yet another film which is a combination of drama and documentary, it tells a story of love and crime against a carefully documented background of Scotland Yard and the Metropolitan Police organisation.

The first of these films to combine fiction with fact was, I think, 'The House on 92nd Street', a story of spy detection by the Federal Board of Investigation, made in 1945 by Louis de Rochemont, producer of the 'March of Time' documentaries. This new field, so full of possibilities, is open to exploration; if 'Night Beat' is well handled, it should be most effective. Anne

Crawford and Christine Norden, a new actress found by Korda, are the girls good and bad who become involved in a murder. Ronald Howard and Maxwell Reed are their corresponding boy friends. Hector Ross has the part of a Commando who joins the police and finds himself on the trail of a former comrade-in-arms.

Most interesting among the other productions which Korda plans for the near future is 'Salome', from the Oscar Wilde play, which is to be directed by Orson Welles, with Eileen Herlie in the name part. This actress, whose performance in Jean Cocteau's play 'The Eagle has Two Heads', received much praise, is under contract for a film a year. Orson Welles will also play the part of Herod. On the stage the Wilde play has never seemed to me anything more than a piece of rhetoric, but if anybody can galvanise it into life on the screen, that person is Mr. Welles.

Then there is 'Bonnie Prince Charlie', a story of the '45 rebellion, which goes into production almost immediately, with Robert Stevenson directing and David Niven as Charles Stuart. This inspired piece of casting is equalled in another project which also involves the return of a British star from Hollywood: Rex Harrison has agreed to play Sir Percy Blakeney in a new Revolutionary romance. To be called 'The Elusive Pimpernel', it will go into production before the end of the year. And for next year Korda has arranged for Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger to make a film for his organisation—'The Promotion of the Admiral', with Ralph Richardson playing a part I had believed destined for Roger Livesey.

Such, then, are the films we can expect to see rolling off the Korda production line after September, when the first of the new series, 'A Man about the House', will be given its London première. It is evident, I think, that London Films are setting out, if not to capture their former eminent position now so securely held, at least to become a welcome competitor in the market which sells films of quality.

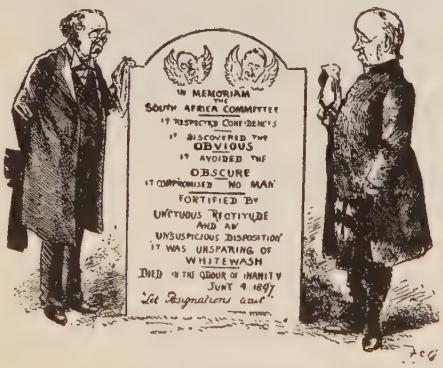
KIERON MOORE, *as an ex-fighter-pilot, suffering from ill-treatment whilst a P.O.W.* (Mine Own Executioner)

PAULETTE GODDARD, *with smartly corseted waist, is the villainess in* An Ideal Husband

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

The Unity of the English-speaking Race

Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the special envoy of the President at the Jubilee, has returned to the United States, bearing with him the liveliest recollection of the extreme cordiality with which America and the Americans are regarded in this country. He was most impressed, he said, by the manifest and profound devotion of the people to the Queen, and after that, nothing impressed him more than the fact that it was the obvious and strong desire of every Englishman to be on good terms with America, and the fact that harsh words from America surprised and troubled Englishmen more than if they proceeded from any other country in any quarter of the world. Therein Mr. Whitelaw Reid bore true testimony, which is all the more valuable because it was rendered immediately after the publication of the despatch signed by Mr. Sherman on the subject of the seals in Behring Sea—the despatch for the phrasing of which it is charitably said Mr. Sherman was in no way responsible, and over the contents of which it is well in the interests of international amity to draw a veil. In talking to me Mr. Whitelaw Reid made an observation which, although somewhat startling at first, appears on reflection to embody a profound truth. He said, 'I have seen a good deal of your Colonial Premiers, and the one thing that has impressed me about them is that they are all Yankees. They are much more like Americans than they are like citizens of the old country.'



THE GRAVE OF THE SOUTH AFRICA COMMITTEE

Westminster Budget

Provoking Rebellion for the Sake of Sanitation

If our self-governing Colonies send us nothing but good news, the reverse is the case with our great Indian dependency, over which the gloom remains unabated. No success seems to attend the efforts to eradicate the plague, while the disaffection and almost revolutionary discontent provoked by the efforts to enforce sanitary regulations in Poona continues to harass public attention. The savage resentment occasioned by the use of soldiers and police to enforce the most elementary sanitary regulations ought at least to convince Lord George Hamilton that he had better proceed very cautiously in attempting to reimpose the C.D. Acts in India.

Paying the Penalty for Chitral

One of the misfortunes that befell the Empire when Lord Rosebery resigned was that Lord Salisbury had an opportunity of reversing the policy decided upon by his predecessors as to the evacuation of Chitral. There was nothing on which the late Government was more unanimous than that it was a blunder and a crime, as well as a breach of faith, to retain Chitral. But, unfortunately, before the arrangement for the evacuation could be carried out, the Ministry was changed, and the present Government decided to retain the territory. We are now experiencing some of the disadvantages of that decision. Last month, the tribes in the Swat Valley rose in their thousands, and rallying round a mad Mullah, began operations by attacking Malakand, on the road to Chitral, which is held by a garrison of three thousand men.

Verminous Persons in Parliament

A very disreputable incident in the Parliamentary history of the month was the cowardly subterfuge resorted to by the House of Commons for the purpose of shirking the issue raised by the Woman's Suffrage Bill. This measure had been read a second time on the

3rd of February by 228 votes to 157. On July 7th two measures, which in ordinary circumstances would have been disposed of in a few minutes—the Verminous Persons Bill and the Plumbers Bill—were talked about the whole afternoon, with the avowed object of shelving the Woman's Suffrage Bill, which stood next on the list.

The Prussian Chamber and the Law of Public Meeting

It is probable that the German Emperor took much more to heart the slap in the face which he received when the Prussian Lower House rejected his Bill for the suppression of the Social Democrats than he felt the blow which hurt his eye at Christiania. The Prussian Government had framed a Bill which the Upper House passed by a majority of 112 to 19, which gave agents of the police power to dissolve public meetings whenever they chose to consider that Anarchist or Social Democratic movements were manifest, having for their object the overthrow of the existing order of State or of society, and finding expression in a manner which endangers public security, and in particular the security of the State. The Minister of the Interior asserted the Governnent must be armed with stronger weapons to combat the Social Democratic agitation, and the Vice-President, Dr. von Miguel, appealed plaintively to the House to unite with the Government in solving the great problems affecting the State. The House listened, and then cast out the Bill by a narrow majority of four, 209 voting against it, 205 in its favour. The warfare against the Social Democrats must, therefore, in the opinion of the Prussian House—in which not a single Social Democrat has a seat—be conducted without the aid of a weapon which would enable the police to abolish freedom of meeting and freedom of speech throughout Prussia.

Royalty in Ireland

One of the Jubilee incidents which escaped general attention, but which possessed a certain grim significance of its own, was the popular demonstration held in one of the Irish towns to commemorate the twenty-eight days which Her Majesty had spent in Ireland in the sixty years of her reign. An ingenious statistician has calculated that the total sojourn of the Royal Family in Ireland during the last sixty years has been exactly fifty-nine days. The Queen on her three visits put in twenty-eight days. The Prince and Princess of Wales were twice there for twenty-seven days, while Prince Albert Victor and his brother spent four days in the country in 1887. It is to be hoped that in what yet remains of the Queen's reign, the Royal Family will break the record of the previous sixty years.

A Proposed Anglo-Russian Entente

In the *National Review* for August an anonymous official propounds his specific for arranging an understanding between Russia and England:

What Russia has been aiming at all along is not, I think, the occupation of Constantinople so much as control over the Sultan, so that no other Power may gain advantages in Turkey in Europe, and a free passage for her ships of war through the Dardanelles. I should be inclined to give her a perfectly free hand in Turkey in Europe, and I would ask her to stop the trouble in Armenia as well. She would not, I believe, make any effort to annex another foot of territory but would be quite content to have us out of the way and the Turk under her thumb. All the nations of Europe, Germany included, have such large commercial relations with Constantinople that Russia could not occupy the place without drawing on herself the anger of them all—perhaps of France. We might even stipulate that she should not.

REPORT AND RECOIL

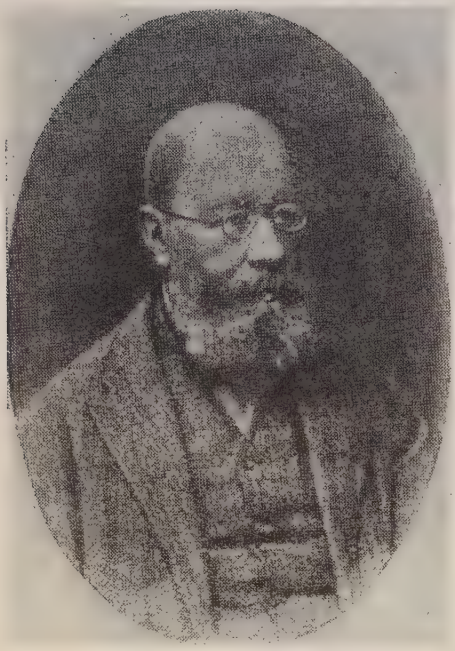
'Oh! What a beastly noise it makes! I wonder whether it will make Rhodes angry?'
Westminster Gazette

[Stead was indignant with the Report of the S. A. Committee, which he said had whitewashed Joseph Chamberlain and disgraced the House of Commons.]

*The Nonsense Books

OF EDWARD LEAR

REVIEWED BY JAMES DOWDALL



EDWARD LEAR 1812–1888

ANYBODY who uses, in connection with the name or work of Edward Lear, the quotation that 'a little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men', is starting off on the wrong foot, and will therefore miss the bus and fall over his neatly rolled umbrella.

It is a proposition which reeks of the particular kind of rectitude and *ton sérieux* against which Lear, in his *Nonsense Books*, directed one of the most uproarious and deliberate counterblasts in English literature. It points at Nonsense a sort of arch, finger-wagging reproof, and warns it not to go too far; and it paints 'the best of men' in a light not much removed from that in which Max Beerbohm painted Matthew Arnold's niece when she said to him: 'Why, oh why, cannot you be always wholly serious?' It makes nonsense into something which, in the absence of mitigating circumstances, is *a priori* reprehensible and suggests to us that the best of men are so pontifical and dedicated to the Barrett-of-Wimpole-Street dogma that they will only allow themselves a periodical, meagre and grudgingly measured ration of it as a reluctant concession to human frailty.

Anybody who understands Lear knows that he did not, as the phrase suggests, dole out his nonsense with a smile of all-understanding half-holiness like a fatuous old woman issuing lollipops to a group of deserving children. And three extracts from his story of the seven families of owls, fishes, parrots, and so forth, are enough to show what he thought of the bug-whiskered 'best of men' whom the phrase had in mind.

'. . . After which they gave a tea-party and a garden party and a ball and a concert and then returned to their respective homes full of joy and respect, sympathy, satisfaction and disgust.' '. . . They then took an affecting and formal leave of the whole of their acquaintance, which was very numerous and select and responsible and ridiculous.' And, finally, they made their wills requesting that their bodies 'should be presented to the principal museum of the city of Tosh, to be labelled with parchment or any other anti-congenial succedaneum . . . for the perpetual benefit of the pusillanimous public.'

* A new edition edited by Holbrook Jackson has recently been published by Faber & Faber at 12s. 6d.

The fact that most of the men who have interested themselves in analysing humour have been ponderous, earnest-minded Germans might offer sufficient discouragement against attempting to do so with Lear, particularly as his nonsense was simply an explosive reaction against the awful sanity which the Victorian-Germanic influence had draped over the England of his time like a fussily braided pall. All the oratory and arguing under the sun will not teach one single person to find Lear, or any other humorist, funny or dull. But some amusement can be had at the expense of those who, in writing or conversation, pretend to laugh at Lear because established opinion—his arch-enemy and bugbear—has dictated that he is *so* amusing, or quaint or worse.

Why Children?

There are two good reasons why Lear wrote for children. Children, until their minds become confused by years of contact with the contradictory and tangled wisdom of their elders and betters, are so naturally logical and wedded to clear thinking that they will always be delighted to take a reckless header into any whirlpool of nonsense which is offered to them without the adult's muffin-faced reluctance and fear that it may be dangerous. They recognise nonsense for nonsense and sense for sense, and it is not until they get older that they appreciate how the two may become confused and start walking delicately in the fear of Bedlam. Lear, therefore, made an instant appeal to them and they to him. And the people who are most gushing and sentimental and urgent in their reminders that he, like Lewis Carroll, was so fond of 'leetle' children, would be the most quickly shocked if they knew the real reason—that he found them more interesting, responsive, sensible, nonsensical, and generally better company than most of their parents.

Lear also, no doubt, appreciated that just as a court jester may hit his feudal overlord on the head with a larded capon provided he is wearing his cap and bells, so it was possible for him to say what he liked about the habits and manners, pompous talk and behaviour of his contemporaries, provided he did it under the guise of nonsense in a children's book. To have suggested—and that in the universally prescribed spirit of 'levity'—that 'distinguished', 'select' and 'responsible' could be bracketed with 'ridiculous', or that parchment was anti-congenial, would, in a book directed to adults, have been a blasphemy against every belief on which middle-class Victorian England propped itself, and would have brought down on his works a vast, suety lava-flood of outraged disapproval which would have smothered them overnight. But he could do that very thing in a book dedicated to a family of aristocratic children and be praised by the most distinguished, select, responsible and anti-congenial citizens in the land for having scored a success among the young with a collection of jokes which the old were too obtuse even to recognise.

The attitude of those who, unwittingly, helped to fame a man whom, if they had even begun to see into his mind, they would have unhesitatingly condemned as flippant, subversive, free-thinking and heaven knows what, is summed up by a remark which Lear overheard in a train when a rumour was circulating that 'Edward Lear' was the pen name of the Earl of Derby.

'How grateful,' said an old gentleman in his carriage, 'all children, and all parents, too, must be to the statesman who has given his time to composing this charming book.'

Presumably, if this man had lived today and had satisfied himself of the respectability of the Marx Brothers on observing that *The Times* gave them judicial notice in a third leader, he would have found them equally 'charming'.

Lear, sitting beside him, was well aware that he was listening to the voice of ten million Victorians. Yet he never turned round and bit them like Samuel Butler, nor danced on their grave like Wilde. He preferred to draw funny pictures of them

on the children's blackboard; and who shall blame him? He pleased himself, and he pleased the children who were part of the conspiracy. He also pleased such adults as might see his drawing and have the wit to detect how and why it had been drawn. And Teacher was insulated against hurt by his own dull-wittedness in not recognising the portrait for himself.

'They'

'They'—the people in his limericks who were always on hand to smash the Old Man of Whitehaven who danced a quadrille with a raven or say 'Is it hot?' to the Young Person of Gretna who rushed down the crater of Etna—were as numerous and eternally present in his life as grains of sand in the desert; and Lear accepted the fact. How well he knew them can be seen from almost any one of his poems or stories; for, in classic history-book parlance, they 'caused' him.

The Young Lady who ran up a tree and said 'Fiddle-de-dee' *embarrassed* the people of Lucca. Another hired an old lady, *whose conduct was steady*, to carry her wonderful nose. And who, I wonder, was he wishfully thinking of when he wrote:

There was an Old Person of Basing,
Whose presence of mind was amazing;
For he purchased a steed and rode at full speed,
And escaped from the people of Basing.

There was an old man in a garden,
Who always begged everyone's pardon;
When they asked him, 'What for?' he replied, 'You're a bore!
And I trust you'll go out of my garden.'

In fact, he was far too soft-hearted to dislike them positively, and he accepted, with seeming gratitude, their gracious, uncomprehending assent to his Bill of Nonsense. He was also too weary and too philosophical to resent them, and his response, at a tea-party, to their uncritical and herd-following praise must have been an orgy of cross purposes and bathos. For 'they' saw him simply as 'charming', and one of them spoke for them all when she remarked to a friend of his, 'How pleasant to know Mr. Lear'; and in doing so inspired him to write the self-portrait which satisfies any doubt we may ever have had about how he saw himself.

How pleasant to know Mr. Lear!
Who has written such volumes of stuff!
Some think him ill-tempered and queer,
But a few think him pleasant enough. . . .
He has many friends, lay men and clerical,
Old Foss is the name of his cat;
His body is perfectly spherical,
He weareth a runcible hat.

Yet it stands to the enduring credit of England that sufficient of 'their' grown-up grandchildren can still be found to buy his books and allow his profound wisdom and irresponsibility to survive, by two generations, the poem's last verse:

He reads, but he cannot speak, Spanish,
He cannot abide ginger beer:
Ere the days of his pilgrimage vanish,
How pleasant to know Mr. Lear!

For learned nonsense has a deeper sound
Than easy sense, and goes for more profound.

S. Butler—*Upon the Abuse of Human Learning*

For daring nonsense seldom fails to hit,
Like scattered shot, and pass with some for wit.

S. Butler—*Modern Critics*

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FAMOUS MEN PLEAD HUMANITY'S CAUSE

Photo: Elliott & Fry

THE RT. REV. DR. J. W. C. WAND

THE BISHOP OF LONDON

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FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

New Books

I CHOSE FREEDOM

By Victor Kravchenko. *Robert Hale.* 15s.

REVIEWED BY W. J. BROWN, M.P.

If I had one fraction of the power possessed by the Communist régime in Russia, with which this remarkable book deals, I would make it compulsory reading for every adult in Britain, and especially our Communists.

This book is the protest of a soul outraged beyond endurance. It tells the story of a Russian Communist, himself the son of a revolutionary father, who fought against and suffered under Czarism, and deriving from that father the hope of social-deliverance. The son became a Communist, and until 1944, when he walked out of the Russian Purchasing Commission in Washington, threw himself on the protection of the Americans and wrote this book, saw and suffered what the Communist State has meant to the Russian people. This book is the heart-breaking record of what he saw and endured.

Starting as a young Consommol, he was trained as an engineer, and in this capacity rose very high in the State Apparatus. He never reached the Politbureau, nor became a Commissar, but he got near enough to the top and the centre to see the whole monstrous machine of privilege and repression in its full proportions. This book is a study in what happens when, for whatever reason, men entrust too much power to any one element in the community. It is an everlasting warning against putting power in the hands of 'the State'. For you cannot put power in the hands of an abstraction. To put power in the hands of 'the State' is in fact to put it in the hands of the group which controls the State. The upshot is not the 'dictatorship of the proletariat', and still less the 'classless State'. It is the 'Police State', the 'dictatorship *over* the proletariat', the unrestrained domination of the gangster. And where the earlier despotism chastised with whips, the Police State, whose powers and functions are so much wider, chastises with scorpions.

Kravchenko witnessed the appalling famine caused by the rushed collectivisation of the farms. He saw the brutal treatment of the peasantry, the seizings of grain and cattle, the expropriation and exile of the 'kulaks' (a kulak being anybody who owned a bit of ground and a few cattle). He saw the monstrous effects of trying to run all industry from the centre—the overlapping, the time-lagging, the tug-of-war between this commissariat and that, the fear of taking responsibility, the constant suspicion of sabotage, the continual interference of the OGPU, the low levels of production, and the appalling poverty of the masses.

He experienced, in his own person, the 'screening' and the 'purging' which occurred throughout Russia whenever the Frightened Men of the Kremlin were more frightened than usual, and records the shootings, the exiles, the dooming of millions of men and women to the 'Labour Camp', which followed. Kravchenko tries hard not to lose his faith. He tries to find excuses for the evil things he sees. But the truth will not be denied. A new privileged class, with vastly greater powers than the aristocracy of Czardom, rules with vastly greater ruthlessness. The gap between top and bottom is not less than it used to be; it is greater. And at the base of the social structure is a class of twenty million slaves, without even nominal political rights, used with utter ruthlessness wherever the omnipotent State wants them, herded into concentration camps, dying like flies. The Trade Unions are part of the State apparatus. There is no right to strike. All manifestations of discontent constitute treason against the State. The State controls all. The Party controls the State. And 'the Gang' control the Party. It is as if Al Capone had seized the United States, and made continent-wide the gun-tactics of Chicago. And no one is allowed to leave this 'workers' paradise'!

Worse, perhaps, even than the appalling cruelties of the régime is the demoralisation it has brought to scores of millions of decent men and women. Everyone is obliged to spy on everybody else, to report on everybody else.

Failure to report is in itself a crime. So no one trusts anybody else. Fear of the Police is omnipresent. Family life, marital fidelities, all the sanities and decencies of ordinary life, crack under the everlasting and insidious pressure; and men become craven animals, kissing the rod which strikes them, and lauding their tormentors with nauseating praise.

Kravchenko deals with the Stalin-Hitler pact, which let loose the second world war. He shows how baseless is the idea that the time Russia gained by that pact enabled her to prepare for the war and so to win it. In fact nothing was ready. If the Germans had known the situation in Moscow when they reached its boundaries, they could have occupied it with a few airborne regiments almost without resistance, so great was the chaos.

Kravchenko reaches the stage where his one idea is to escape from this social prison, and to tell the world the truth. The one way to this is to secure an appointment to one of the Russian missions abroad, and this Kravchenko ultimately does. He describes the set-up of the Purchasing Commission in Washington, and its corrosive and treacherous rôle in American society. And finally how, when he had learnt enough English and enough of the American way of life to feel not utterly helpless in a strange land, he walked out of that Purchasing Commission into freedom—freedom to live without fear of the omnipresent spy, freedom to talk with whom he liked, freedom, above all, to tell the world the truth about that evil despotism which he had at last escaped.

He is sharpest of all when dealing with the American 'explainers' of Russia, the sentimental 'Left-Wingers' who seek to justify in Russia everything they would hate in the U.S.A., the victims of the *Aberglaube* which turns black into white, and depicts Russia as the Workers' Fatherland, to which all things, damnable in any other State, are to be excused.

More than any other book, this rends the veil which hides Russia from the West. In it, the whole process by which Russia has been converted into the most complete and ruthless Police State of all times may be seen, as it were, from within. The book rings with authenticity. It is the record of the passage of a soul from youthful and generous hope, through disillusionment and reluctant despair, to righteous rebellion and prophetic warning. 'This is what happened to us,' he says. 'This is what will happen to you, tomorrow, unless you awake!'

There are signs that the Labour Party is waking up to the menace of the Communist penetration of the Trade Unions and Trade Councils. There are signs that the world is waking up to the creeping menace of Russian gangsterism in Europe. If they were wise, European governments would facilitate the circulation on a mammoth scale of this dreadful but salutary book. The Labour Party should supply copies to all its branches, and the Trade Unions, too. For this book is more powerful than dialectic. It is experience!

And that experience, recorded in this book, proclaims to the world the great truth which we have largely forgotten, that freedom cannot consist in a concentration of power. It can consist only in a balance of power. Let that balance be disturbed, let power be concentrated, then, whoever possesses it will use it to enslave the rest of society and to preserve and extend his own privileged position.

Its moral is, to quote words I once heard uttered by David Low: *If any man come to you, from the Left or the Right, and promise you economic freedom on condition that you first surrender your political, religious and social freedoms, kick him downstairs. For if you surrender these freedoms, you may or may not get the economic freedom promised to you. You probably won't. But one thing is sure, if you don't, you will be in no position whatever to complain about it.*

In Russia, Kravchenko could not complain. From America he does. If the world is not impervious to truth, it will sit up and listen!

THE RISE OF THE SPANISH AMERICAN EMPIRE

By Salvador de Madariaga. *Hollis & Carter*. 21s.

Historians of the Spanish Empire in America fall naturally into three groups. There are those who treat colonial development as a part—usually rather a small part—of European history; there are those who treat the story of the Empire as a background—an indispensable preamble to the study of the independent states of modern America; and finally there are those historians who are concerned with the Empire for its own sake as an attempt—the first great European attempt—to govern a collection of overseas colonies, inhabited by numerous and varied subject races, in accordance with established principles of law.

Mr. Madariaga's book combines some of the characteristics of all three groups. It is, however, much more concerned with the effect of Europe upon America than with the effect of America

upon Europe. It is avowedly a preamble to a study of the life and work of Bolivar; the conscientious writing of such a preamble involves an analysis of the system which Bolivar destroyed, and in Mr. Madariaga's hands this analysis becomes to some extent an apology. There are reasons for believing an apology to be necessary, in a book addressed to English readers. Englishmen in the past got their impressions of the Spanish Empire from accounts hostile to Spain: the stories of Miles Phillips and his comrades; the malicious translations of Las Casas' *Destruction of the Indies*; Gage's *English-American*; in the eighteenth century, Campbell's *Spanish Empire*, deliberately written to expose the Empire's weaknesses and to spur the English Government to acts of aggression. Later, a spontaneous sympathy with the liberators, and a hope of commercial gain no doubt increased the dislike which many Englishmen felt for the Empire. But that is an old story. It is surely an exaggeration nowadays to assert that 'in the Anglo-Saxon world, particularly, it is an article of faith that Spain means cruelty and oppression, the Inquisition and so forth.' In recording the brutalities of some of the *conquistadores* and the later widespread (though illegal) exploitation of the Indians, it is surely unnecessary to devote much space to evidence that other Europeans have committed similar offences elsewhere. No serious student of colonisation supposes brutality and exploitation to be peculiarly Spanish characteristics. Indeed, as Mr. R. A. Humphreys has recently pointed out, there is now some danger of the old *leyenda negra* being replaced by an equally false *leyenda blanca*.

The creation of a *leyenda blanca* is clearly no part of Mr. Madariaga's intention. He relates the facts fairly and his general picture is real and convincing: a picture of a vast, unwieldy Empire governed not by a 'master race' but by a paternal Crown; a government run largely by its bureaucracy of professional lawyers and inspired by a deep respect for law and for the legal rights of Spaniard and Indian alike. Mr. Madariaga is careful to show how colonial legislation, always conscientious and sometimes remarkably enlightened, was often rendered ineffective by obstruction on the part of the Spanish colonists and by the corruption of officials. He gives due weight to economic factors—to the failure of production in sixteenth and seventeenth century Spain, which aggravated inflation and offered a standing opportunity to foreigners—Dutchmen and Englishmen chiefly—to supply the colonists with goods which Spain could not supply; so that the thorough reorganisation of the Empire in the eighteenth century came too late to restore the colonial trade to Spanish hands.

One thing is missing in all this. The society of much of Spanish America is a composite—a *mestizo*—society; but we are told little or nothing of the Indian contribution to this society. The Indian appears as a labourer, forced or free; as a recipient of benefits or as a victim of oppression; but never as the possessor of a culture of his own, which blended with that of Spain to produce something new and worthy of study. This scholarly and admirable account of Spain's colonial achievement would be even more valuable if it contained a brief description of the human material with which the colonial administrators had to work.

J. H. PARRY

SCIENCE, LIBERTY AND PEACE

By Aldous Huxley. *Chatto & Windus*. 3s. 6d.

Aldous Huxley's little book is a plea for the humanistic application of science—a plea and a programme. Scientists, he argues, should co-operate internationally to refuse to take part in work that has for its end the killing or enslavement of human beings; they should work for the international pooling and inspection of scientific research; they should bind themselves to a programme of meeting human needs—such as the increased production of food—instead of to nationalised programmes for the production of gadgets and of weapons.

It would be hard to quarrel with so admirable a design, or with Mr. Huxley's exposition of how modern scientific progress, misapplied, has subserved, and continues increasingly to subserve, centralised and despotic powers, whether capitalist cartels, socialist oligarchies, or totalitarian States. And there is the old Huxley bite in his condemnation of the 'idolatrous religion' of nationalism, which drives the science-fed oligarchies inevitably to wars.

The theme has been developed in the light of Mr. Huxley's recent mysticism, but neither this nor his attack on modern materialism need invalidate his premises or his conclusions. The world is sick, we know that, and the most material of materialists can agree with Mr. Huxley's explanation of why it is so, and with his suggested remedies. One does not need 'the timeless eternity of the Inner Light' to teach one that it is better to have butter than bombs.

CYRIL RAY

★

The Great Globe Itself

A Preface to World Affairs

by

William C. Bullitt

The bewildering vacillations of Soviet foreign policy are, Mr. Bullitt thinks in this elucidation of the Russian problem, merely the symptoms of a larger design that is to lead to the conquest of the world for Communism. He supports this challenging view with close reference to Communistic writings and a revealing comparison with Nazi actions in regard to treaties. *8s. 6d.*

★

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● This is not a political book, but it seeks to tell us how the ordinary Russian lives, how he is housed; how and what he eats; about his clothes and his amusements; about the schools and the theatres, the collective farms and the shops; and what he thinks about the world beyond the Russian frontiers. It is an exceedingly human story and is packed with everyday detail. It should go a long way to dispel the illusions created by political differences.

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THE LIFE OF WILLIAM HAZLITT

By P. P. Howe. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15s.

The late P. P. Howe's *Life of William Hazlitt* was first published in 1922 and has since established itself as a standard work. As Mr. Frank Swinnerton writes in his introduction to this edition, which is to be welcomed for its freedom from all signs of wartime austerity and for its beautiful and dignified typography, Howe had a life-long passion for Hazlitt, and its fruits were the great Centenary Edition in twenty-one volumes and the present *Life*, which, in its lack of self-display and economy of method, is a monument of modest, self-effacing scholarship. It is the work of an editor, rather than a biographer, in the modern sense. As far as possible, the narrative is presented in the words of contemporaries, and the book is a mosaic built up from the diaries, letters and table-talk of such men as Crabb Robinson, R. B. Haydon, Leigh Hunt, Southey, Wordsworth, Keats, De Quincey and Charles and Mary Lamb, linked together by an editorial commentary. The result is a composite picture of remarkable authenticity.

Most people were disappointed when they first met Hazlitt, after reading his extraordinarily eloquent and vivid prose. He seemed to them shy and nervous, careless in his dress, and to have nothing to say for himself. Hazlitt took no pains to impress other people with his manners and conversation, but he suffered all his life from his honesty as a critic. He was unimpressed by contemporary reputation and, a man of principle himself, he could not forget the apostasy of such men as Wordsworth and Southey. As a result, he was pursued by their malignity throughout his life and his personal character was systematically vilified by Tory journals in an age when the manners of the press were probably at their lowest ebb in the whole history of British journalism. One respected organ remarked that he deserved to be sent to the galleys. 'I hope you do not associate with the fellow,' wrote Wordsworth to Haydon on another occasion. 'He is not a proper person to be admitted into respectable society.' He also had the temerity to publish his *Life of Napoleon* during the reactionary aftermath of the Napoleonic Wars, at a time when Wordsworth and Southey were both busy 'repairing Legitacy's crutch.'

His crime was that, like Stendhal, who helped him to gather material for his *Napoleon*, Hazlitt was a Liberal at a time when Liberalism was still a revolutionary creed. 'I should be sorry if there were a single word approaching to *cant* in this work,' he wrote, and his attitude to politics in general he summed up as follows: 'I am no politician, and still less of a party-man; but I have a hatred of tyranny, and a contempt for its tools, and this feeling I have expressed as often and as strongly as I could. . . . I deny that liberty and slavery are convertible terms, that right and wrong, truth and falsehood, plenty and famine, the comforts or wretchedness of a people, are matters of perfect indifference. That is all I know of the matter; but on these points I am likely to remain incorrigible.'

PHILIP HENDERSON

DOSTOIEVSKY

By J. C. Powys. *John Lane The Bodley Head.* 7s. 6d.

In the first chapter of his critical, but intensely personal, approach to the vast labyrinth of Dostoievsky, Mr. Powys challenges his readers to show him 'a greater novelist in any modern language'.

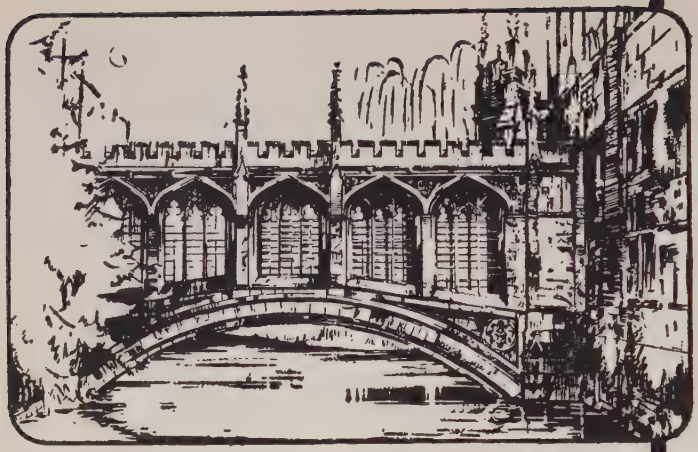
Undoubtedly a considerable number among both critics and ordinary readers will dispute the sweeping claims of Mr. Powys. But there will be few dissentients when he states that four novels—*Crime and Punishment; The Idiot; The Possessed* and the *Brothers Karamazov* are the supreme masterpieces of Dostoievsky, containing 'the massed dive-bombers of his demon's genius and the complete arsenal of his cataclysmic ideas'.

'Demon's genius' is an apt description of the extraordinary way Dostoievsky hurled himself into life, living always at white heat—whether he was in the midst of a gambling bout, a passionate love affair, or even recovering from one of his epileptic fits said to have been brought on by the hardship and suffering he endured during his ten-year Siberian exile, so wonderfully described in *The House of the Dead.*

Yet it was often in the midst of extreme suffering that Dostoievsky wrote some of his greatest works. Mr. Powys calls this his 'hit-back' against life's torments, contends that it was the 'indestructible vitality of the life force' in Dostoievsky, allied to the great Russian's understanding of 'real reality' that made him the supreme novelist. 'The real reality of a person's life is not what they work at but what goes on in their minds.'

Even non-worshippers of Dostoievsky will find their interest stimulated by Mr. Powy's profound and enlightening interpretation.

JOHN NIVEN



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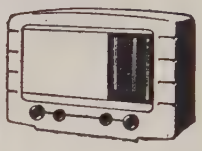

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SOVIET LITERATURE TODAY

By George Reavey. *Lindsay Drummond.* 8s. 6d.

TRANSFORMATION 4

Edited by Stefan Schimanski and Henry Treece. *Lindsay Drummond.* 8s. 6d.

The only factors common to these two books are than they have the same price and publisher and that George Reavey writes on Soviet Literature in *Transformation* 4. His book is a scholarly work and full of information which will be valuable to anyone interested in present day Soviet literature. He takes all the main activities of Soviet writers and gives a great deal of concise information. Such criticism as should be made of this well-intentioned work is that the author is rather distant from his material. This is betrayed by the use of the editorial 'we', always a pedantic usage and positively absurd when used to describe what 'we' saw when on a weekend in the country. It would not be worth picking on such a point, if it were not symptomatic of a remoteness which prevents the author from seeing the close and intimate relation between Soviet writers and readers, the vital linking of letters with life, which is the essential principle of Soviet literature. This means that, in certain cases, the author's judgments are not as sound as his information. But despite this, *Soviet Literature Today* is a very useful work.

Transformation 4 is much better planned than most of the current miscellanies. It sets out in each number to present a central theme; and in No. 4 the theme is 'The Power within Us'. 'This is the title of a small book by Haniel Long, in which he retells the remarkable experience of the Spaniard, Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, whose shipwrecked expedition to America was a disaster in Spanish Colonial History but a triumph in the spiritual history of Man.'

Unfortunately this book, though due to appear from Lindsay Drummond, has either not been published or not yet reached my hands. And though I have consulted the five different references to him in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, I still do not know what this 'triumph in the spiritual history of Man' is. There are six articles on him, one by Henry Miller, the others by a churchman, an architect, a psychologist, a physicist and a journalist; but without the key book by Haniel Long, these articles are unrewarding. It is rather like being in a tent in which the only thing which is missing is the tent-pole.

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL

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PLAYING WITH STRIFE

By Lieut.-General Sir Philip Neame. *Harrap.* 15s.

A Kipling quotation heads each chapter of Sir Philip Neame's autobiography, setting the tone for this tale of soldiering in far places, *shikar*, and high adventure. Not everybody's cup of tea, perhaps, but of its kind it could hardly be bettered. Sir Philip won his V.C. in the first months of the 1914 war, and more than a quarter of a century later, as an Army commander, escaped at the fifth attempt from the Italian *castello* in which he was a prisoner of war.

The escape, and the previous attempts, were skilfully devised and heroically carried out, and the telling of them is first class, and should go into the anthologies of classic escapes. The tale is all the better for the generous things that Sir Philip has to say of the gallantry and self-sacrifice of the Italian peasants and partisans who helped him and his comrades: how wholeheartedly and at what risks the Italians became our friends and co-belligerents is still too little appreciated in England.

Between the two wars Sir Philip made three visits to Tibet, one of them taking him to Lhasa. These are names that still kindle the imagination, and Sir Philip brings back travellers' tales that are crammed with legendary ceremony and splendour. The present reviewer is allergic to Kipling, but he is fascinated by Neame.

CYRIL RAY

THE ADVENTURES OF WESLEY JACKSON

By William Saroyan. *Faber & Faber.* 8s. 6d.

It has become a literary axiom that either you like William Saroyan or you don't—and that goes for all his writings: novels, plays, essays, short stories. Reviewers continue to argue the toss, each side backing its opinions with incontrovertible arguments; and the reading public is probably equally divided. For Saroyan's writings are peculiarly difficult to evaluate from purely literary standards. They have the confidential appeal of a *tête-à-tête* between writer and reader, and much of their significance derives from a sympathetic *rapprochement* of personalities.

The Adventures of Wesley Jackson is the story of an eighteen-year-old G.I.—his war service in America, Europe and England; his relationships with his family and service friends; and his 'marriage' to an English girl. The basic story is by now wearisomely familiar; but Saroyan's G.I. achieves living conviction as an individual and, basically, as a representative of soldiers in all countries and at all times. Wesley is a normal boy caught up in the war, and he approaches unfamiliar conditions and people not with predetermined theories but with spontaneous kindliness and goodwill. Inevitably he emerges over life-size, and in certain episodes sentiment overflows into sentimentality and pathos into bathos. But beneath this flamboyancy, there is a deep stream of warm humanity. Saroyan draws upon our fundamental emotions, and many readers squirm away in embarrassment from the intimate response he demands. And here, I believe, is the real explanation of his popularity or unpopularity.

JAN PERKIN

MODERN READING 15

Edited by Reginald Moore. *Phoenix Books.* 6s.

Modern Reading, in its new cloth-bound format, is a balanced and interesting collection. It never tries too hard to be literary, and though the standard of work is uneven, Mr. Moore shows editorial acumen in steering clear, for the most part, of the esoteric and the argy-bargy. The penalty of keeping close to the ground is kitsch—but there is a minimum of that in this new issue.

In the series 'Writers and their Work', for example, the contributors keep off the jargon and preciosity that are the snares of all literary critics. True, neither J. B. Pick writing on R. C. Hutchinson, nor Rabjee G. Shahani discussing Sturge Moore, say anything very memorable, but they are pleasantly discursive and draw attention to the work of neglected writers. After reading Mr. Pick's essay, I shall certainly turn to Hutchinson, whose work, Mr. Pick claims, is 'of the highest importance'.

One feature of Mr. Moore's policy at which I jib—in principle—is the publication of extracts from Books to Come. In practice, the extract from Arthur Calder-Marshall's forthcoming novel and Margaret Goldsmith's book on Soho Square stand by themselves. There is also a passage from a new novel by that brilliant writer, Rhys Davies. Other good contributions are a Chinese vignette by Robert Payne; a rich story about Wales, from Gwyn Thomas; a story by Neil Bell; and poems by Jocelyn Brooke, Conrad Aiken, George Barker and Howard Sergeant.

Modern Reading has definitely established its place among the miscellanies.

BRUCE BAIN

Books Received

ALLEN, Walter. BLACK COUNTRY. *Paul Elek.* 9s. 6d.

One of a new series of personal books on the English scene, under the general editorship of Clough and Amabel Williams-Ellis, and entitled Vision of England. *The series is being designed in collaboration with several distinguished painters and illustrators, among them Sven Berlin, Malvina Cheek, Barbara Jones, Michael Rothenstein and Kenneth Rowntree. Malvina Cheek illustrates* Black Country. *Each also has about sixty photographs, and map insets.*

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CORRESPONDENCE

from: Louis Kraft, General Secretary, South African Institute of International Affairs, Johannesburg.

The Meaning of Dreams

Sir,—In 'The Form of the Personal', in the May issue, Professor John Macmurray gives an example of a dream experience which has typical organic form (i.e. a dash over the ice to reach the North Pole). What is typically organic, typically private about it, and 'not in any sense a knowledge of anything outside me' is that, on waking up, he can no longer think that the experience is real. 'If I could, I would be mad.'

From that madness is there no road back to sanity? Not only do I believe that there is, and by means of Professor Macmurray's own philosophy, but I believe that much that we call progress has been achieved by men who, after waking up from their organic dream, have not altogether admitted to themselves that it was not true and have remained unsatisfied until it had become true.

I have suffered from that malady, in a succession of organic dreams which I could not dissolve even though I may have banned them from my conscious memory. These dreams were transmuted, time after time, into ideas which had a 'reference to the common world of personal experience'. In each case, this meant that the introvert was goaded into action. Once, twenty years elapsed between the organic dream and its deliberate fulfilment. During these twenty years, I remained (in so far as I confused that dream with experience) a little mad.

As T. E. Lawrence puts it in his *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, such dreamers 'act their dream with open eyes, to make it possible.'

Is not the conclusion that the difference between the sterile dreamer who ends in madness and the dreamer who becomes a pioneer, or a reformer, or at least an uninhibited member of a human community, is that the latter rediscovers for himself the philosophy of personalism?

from: E. A. Kadish, Hendon, London, N.W.4

Terrorism is Loathsome, but . . .

Sir,—One is somewhat puzzled by the consistently anti-Semitic tone of *World Review*, and its attitude to the Palestine problem.

The latest example is to brand the Jewish people as a '*herrenvolk* who may commit murder, when others may not', this being a reference to Palestine terrorism. Let me at once hasten to reassure you that the Jewish people have no ambitions towards becoming a *herrenvolk* of any description, but that we do believe that we have the same right to a national existence and independence as any other nation under the sun—including Great Britain.

Are we expected to stand by with folded arms and cheer while the British Government puts its troops, its tanks, its guns, its planes, its battleships and cruisers, its radar equipment, its barbed wire cages and all the machinery of modern warfare alongside the Palestine coast ready to pounce on helpless refugees, most of whom have spent years in concentration camps?

Terrorism is a loathsome thing, of course, and regarded as such by the majority of decent Jews, but it was created solely by the refusal of the British Government to give justice and fair play to the Jewish people and the longer Great Britain refuses to do so, the stronger the extremists and terrorists will grow.

We shall see how far appeasement of the Arab bloc against Soviet Russia will succeed.

[W.R. *is not anti-Semitic. It is against murder by Jews, as by anybody else. We did not brand the Jews as a 'herrenvolk'. We pointed out that Henry A. Wallace apparently considered them as such.*—Ed.]

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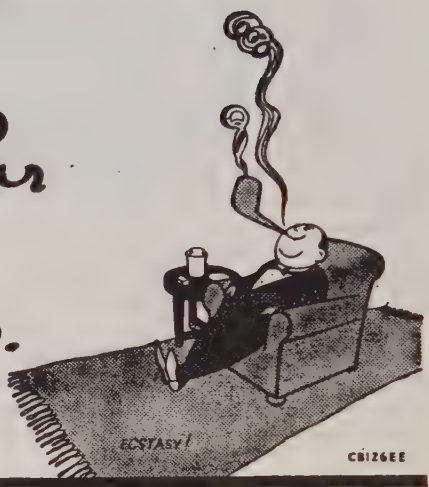

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Cross-Section

OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

Future of Mankind?

If the future of mankind in a unified world is going to be on the whole a happy one, then I would prophesy that there is a future in the Old World for the Chinese, and in the island of North America for the *Canadiens*. Whatever the future of mankind in North America, I feel pretty confident that these French-speaking Canadians, at any rate, will be there at the end of the story.

On the assumption that the future of mankind is to be very catastrophic, I should have prophesied, even as lately as a few years ago, that whatever future we might be going to have would lie with the Tibetans and the Eskimos, because each of these peoples occupied, till quite lately, an unusually sheltered position. 'Sheltered' means, of course, sheltered from the dangers arising from human folly and wickedness, not sheltered from the rigours of the physical environment. Mankind has been master of its physical environment, sufficiently for practical purposes, since the Middle Paleolithic Age; since that time, man's only dangers—but these have been deadly dangers—have come from man himself. But the homes of the Tibetans and the Eskimos are sheltered no longer, because we are on the point of managing to fly over the North Pole and over the Himalayas, and both Northern Canada and Tibet would (I think) be likely to be theatres of a future Russo-American war.

If mankind is going to run amok with atom bombs, I personally should look to the Negrito Pygmies of Central Africa to salvage some fraction of the present heritage of mankind. They might be able to give mankind a fresh start; and, though we should then have lost the achievements of the last 6,000 to 10,000 years, what are 10,000 years compared to the 600,000 or 1,000,000 years for which the human race has already been in existence?

The extreme possibility of catastrophe is that we might succeed in exterminating the whole human race, African Negritos and all.

PROFESSOR ARNOLD TOYNBEE
in *The Atlantic*

China's Women Today

As in most cases of women's emancipation, also that of the Chinese women had been precipitated by the immediate needs of war. China needed manpower in her long struggle against the enemy, and her traditional prejudices against women were shelved while the women stepped forward to take their place alongside men. They took part in nearly all phases of national defence, including guerrilla fighting and espionage. Now, they are at last recognised as a vital force in all fields of China's national life.

For there is now no question of their reverting to their former humble status—women's emancipation in China has come to stay. Their horizon has broadened and they like what they see. Some, of course, have had to return to their homes, but home-life today presents a vastly different picture from that of a few years ago. Home now is a place where a woman has authority and a voice in the affairs of her household and where relationships between its members are freer, happier and less constrained. It has become a place where a woman can feel she is needed—not as a drudge, but as a mother who will look after her family and take part in its daily life.

For those who seek careers, however, there is an ever-widening choice and there are many openings for women. She may want to be a judge or a journalist, a playwright or a policewoman, and her education and abilities will enable her to decide which profession she will follow. What is more, if she shows aptitude, the state will send her abroad to continue her studies. For China realises that without enrolling her women into the national life of the country, post-war reconstruction will fail. China is developing so quickly that she cannot afford to disregard the part women can, and do, play in industry and the social services. They are responding magnificently to their new opportunities and will endeavour to surmount any difficulty that seems likely to interrupt their education, which sometimes means beginning the day at six o'clock in the morning and finishing near midnight.

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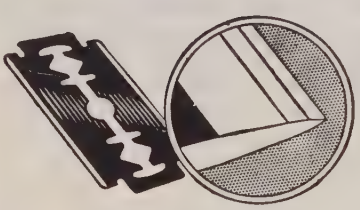

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As in Western countries, marriage and motherhood versus career has its own problems. For some careers the choice must needs be a definite one, but on the whole the women manage to combine the two very satisfactorily. I know the case of a woman who, already the mother of two children, took the state examination for judges when she was about to give birth to her third child and found moving about very difficult. From the examination room she rushed to hospital where her child was delivered. She allowed herself only a month's rest before joining a judge's training class which necessitated living for six months in a training institute under semi-military discipline. Another example is that of a successful newspaperwoman who manages her home and her job.

To an ever-increasing extent Chinese women are adopting Western ideas of dress and hairstyles. This is mainly for utilitarian reasons as their traditional costume is not conducive to the busy life so many women lead today.

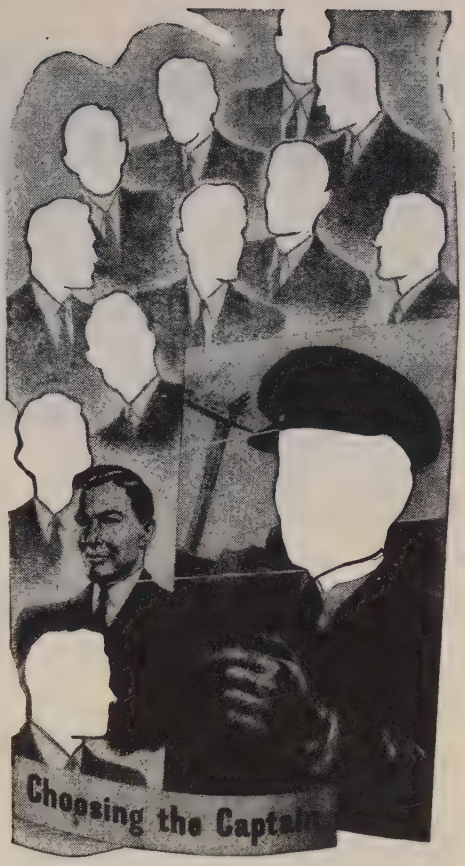
Eastern World

The 'Third Rome'

The cleavage of which one is so conscious in Moscow, on which at every opportunity so much insistence is laid, is not primarily one between Communism and Capitalism. It is one between Russia and the West. It is significant that while the Communist International has been dissolved, what is in essence a Slav International has been created.

For over three centuries the Russian attitude to Western Europe has been a strange mixture of admiration and dislike, of emulation and resentment. The almost mystical belief that it is Russia's destiny to surpass and replace the decadent West, that Moscow is to be the 'Third Rome' has taken many forms; but it has always persisted. And it is necessarily interwoven with belief in the existence of a vast gap, of a profound difference between East and West, of a conviction that Russian civilisation is not a part, but rather a secular rival, of 'Western civilisation'. The conflict between 'Westerners'—looking westward for models and for inspiration—and the 'Easterners'—turning resentful and hostile backs to Europe—runs through all Russian political thinking. The Moscow Conference, I think, proved beyond doubt that today the 'Easterners' are firmly in the saddle. That is a psychological factor of the greatest importance, which must be taken into account in all our diplomatic calculations.

The World Today



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America Views the World

THE best American minds, in the State Department and outside it, do not see the Russo-American tussle as one for oil or other material resources. They see it as a struggle for power—power to decide whether the political, social and economic destinies of Britain, France, Italy, and therefore Europe, shall be shaped by themselves in majority decisions and within both internal and external frameworks of freedom, or not. If not, it will *ultimately perhaps* be a bad outlook for Americans. But long before then it will have become a shocking experience for all Europe.

This 'view of the world' therefore issues into a U.S. policy aimed at keeping at least Western Europe outside Russo-Communist control. It cannot stop Russo-Communist permeation. (To stop *that* wouldn't be 'freedom'; and in any case isn't practical. Freedom to choose between facts, fancies, fads and fictions is all that can be achieved. Communists in Western Europe may rank equal with, but must not be made superior to, others.) Thus it really is a struggle for power. The difference is between what each contestant would do with the power.

A U.S. army strategist describes it as 'a cold war of ideologies', wherein Russia may accomplish through the Communist Parties of Italy, Czechoslovakia, etc., what has just been nicely brought off by the Russo-Communists in Hungary; what, in fact, also without war, Hitler brought off with his Trojan Horses inside neighbouring States. As the Democrat Representative, Mike Monroney of Oklahoma, put it in a speech on June 2 at the University of Oklahoma: 'No more can we depend upon the British and Empire as our first line. . . . By default the job falls either on our shoulders or upon those of Russia.'

There is already substantial support from public, press and Congress for Ex-President Hoover's contention that the U.S. must conclude separate peace treaties with Japan and Germany if the November meeting of the Foreign Ministers is another failure. Looking at the Anglo-American mess of muddle, misunderstanding and maladministration in the German zones, many Americans sympathise with Senator Vandenberg's remark in the Senate on June 3: 'Some day we shall get these other treaties (with Germany and Austria), even if unhappily we are forced by circumstances to organise peace in our own zones alone.' The operative word is 'alone'. *American Outlook*

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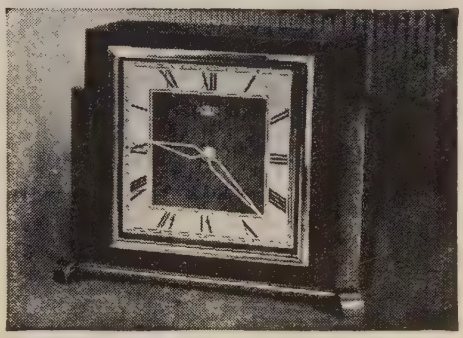

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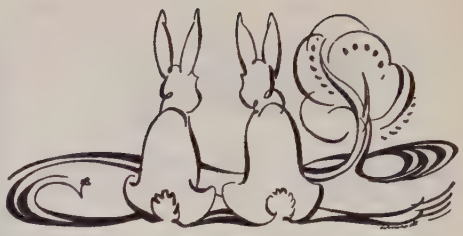

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Mutual Lessons

THERE never was a time when the willingness of Britain and France to learn from each other was more important. Both countries have undertaken a degree of planning, and both have gone about it in different ways and in different circumstances. In Britain a well-defined system of controls, much of it taken over from the war years, is already in existence, and it can be used for the administration of whatever plan is decided upon. The plan itself is less clearly defined.

In France the situation is almost the exact reverse. The Monnet Plan outlines what must be done, but the controls which are necessary to ensure that it is done are in a rudimentary form. Cynics affect to see a tragi-comic situation in which Britain has the controls and France the plan, while neither has both. It is good enough as an aphorism, but it neglects the fact that the first moves to marry the Monnet Plan to the British Economic Survey are already being made. It also neglects the ability of the two countries to learn from each other. And finally it neglects the common urge only to do those things whose rightness is apparent to the common man or can be demonstrated to him. That common urge is the true basis of joint success. *Britain-France*

Limits of State Action

THE gift of the good administrator or of a good Civil Servant is a rare gift. It cannot be increased at our will, by simply adding new functions to those which are already assigned to the state. There is a limit within which the tasks allotted to the state can be increased, and within which industries, which were formerly exercised by private enterprise, can be exercised by the state, either directly or by means of autonomous authorities. At any given moment there can certainly be found a certain number of leaders, of administrators and of Civil Servants who possess the qualities which are necessary for the service of the common weal, men whose ambition of serving the public is greater than their personal desire of profit. Beyond that point, the qualities required from a good Civil Servant are less apparent. Other gifts or qualities must be taken into account, such as initiative, courage, love of risk, and even desire for profit. These indeed are the qualities which make private enterprise profitable. It would be a great error to go beyond that point in the process of nationalisation. The sense of honour, the devotion to the common weal would be overpowered by other feelings, of a very different sort. They can be most useful in the field of business, but they are a source of corruption and intrigue in public matters. The criteria by which the leaders in one field and in the other must be chosen are entirely different, as the administration of a nationalised industry is entirely different from the direction of enterprises based upon profit. Reason and common sense must teach us to make use of the different sort of men so as to reap the greatest benefit from their different qualities. . . . State intervention in the economic field can only be exercised well and profitably if the sectors in which it takes place are few and well chosen. The two principles which I have mentioned, of decreasing productivity and of interdependence of economic factors, should be a reminder for politicians, and teach them to be modest in their plans to foster general welfare by means of State-intervention. If they are modest, they will more easily find men endowed of all the necessary qualities to serve the State well; and these in turn will know how to make the best choice of the sectors and means through which State-intervention will prove more beneficent to the community.

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The Indian Princes

FOR numerical reasons alone the importance of the Indian States in the present struggle for power in India cannot be over-emphasised. The Princes, with their 93,000,000 subjects, make up nearly one quarter of the whole population. Their system of personal rule, which may seem an anachronism to Western thought, is rooted in the historic past of India. It is a system which is known and understood by the masses of their subjects. It is a familiar landmark in the flux of communal strife.

To retain their importance and use it to the best purpose in building the new India, it is essential for the Princes that they maintain their unity. If they allow themselves to be split into opposing groups by the political parties in India, it will remove the last steadying influence on the Indian scene. The blessings of communal peace, which are far easier to secure under a modified autocratic system in the present state of India, will be shattered if the Princes allow themselves to forget that they are Indians first and Muslims or Hindus afterwards.

Liberal Magazine

Lenin's Pupils

MOST of the members of a class of people who between the Two Great Wars were known as 'revolutionaries by profession', received their final educational 'touches' at the Lenin Institute, Moscow.

Today they are no longer the persecuted, but the persecutors. Once on the run from the police, they are, today, protected by cordons of official bodyguards. They used to be blacklisted; now they themselves do the blacklisting. These 'Lenin scholars' have 'made good.' Whenever they arrive at the Moscow Aerodrome, they are welcomed as the heads of States, and not as anonymous functionaries. The orchestra plays not only the *Internationale*, but also their national anthem.

Tito and Kardelj (Yugoslavia), Dimitrov (Bulgaria), Rakosi (Hungary), Anna Pauker (Rumania), Gottwald (Czechoslovakia), Togliatti (Italy), Mao Tse-Tung (China), Ho Chi Minh (Indo-China)—all are former pupils of the Lenin Institute. Members of the same 'Order', they belong to a dynasty which is much more closely knit by ideological ties than any dynasty founded on blood-relationship of the preceding centuries.

Die Weltwoche, Zürich

'It's nice for informal affairs'
SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

High-falutin' Prose on Ireland!

IRELAND, elusive as a leprechaun, reflects the mood of the moment with the ease of a chameleon. Through the eyes of a stranger, an Irishman is a bundle of lovable contradictions—one foot in the past, the other in the present, head in the clouds—Don Quixote against an eighteenth-century background. The facets of his personality are limitless. Sadness and gaiety, religiosity and profanity, exaggeration and understatement, hatred and affection, a brew of effervescent potentialities that bubbles and seethes without warning. Each reflects an integral part of the Irish character. The fragment is complete in itself. But these isolated flashes of Irish life do not dovetail. The keypiece eludes the discerning eye of an Englishman. The saga of Ireland is unfinished. Only an Irishman can write finis to a centuries-old tragedy.

The Queen

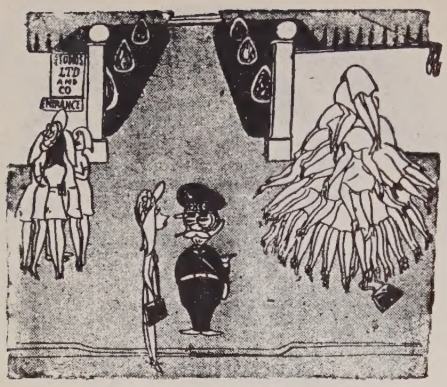
Application Accepted?

MISS BEATRIX TERWINDT, senior Air Hostess of K.L.M., is currently busy seeking the pilot who perpetrated the latest hoax to amuse the flying crews at Schiphol.

By air mail from Johannesburg, Miss Terwindt received a quaintly-worded application from a Basuto maiden for a job as air hostess on the 'flying plane' to Johannesburg, who stated she already had 'a uniform much admired by your pilots.'

The application was accompanied by a photograph of a native girl whose 'uniform' consisted mostly of painted tribal marks and an army webbing belt.

Press Information Service, K.L.M.
Royal Dutch Airlines



. . . 'FRANK SINATRA? *First on the right*'
CARREFOUR

Wealth Through Literacy

It is proposed to produce a series of Mass Education booklets in the vernaculars which will have as their object an increase of knowledge directed at improving the economic wealth of the country. Articles are required on subjects dealing with various aspects of agriculture, soil conservation, animal husbandry, marketing, grading and inspection of produce, market gardening, home industries, etc.

2. Articles should be not less than 2,000 and not more than 10,000 words, be written in English and in a simple style which, when translated, can be readily understood by people who have had little education.

3. Unaccepted articles will be returned.

4. Authors of accepted articles will be remunerated on a scale of about £1 for 1,200 words. They will become the properties of the Education Department.

5. Articles from school pupils are not required but will be considered if endorsed by the Headmaster.

6. Articles should be addressed to the Mass Education Officer, Headquarters, Education Department, Lagos, and marked 'Wealth Through Literacy'. *Nigerian Eastern Mail*

Confusing, but never dull?

The sex life of Chlamydomonas also presents another dizzying peculiarity. The plant has not two sexes, but ten. It produces five types of female cells and five of male, all reacting with different degrees of intensity to their opposite numbers. All of which makes life at that level rather confusing. *The Times*

Offspring of Bikini

At the Naval Medical Research Institute in Bethesda, Md., Navy scientists, for the first time, opened their maternity ward last week for a *Newsweek* inspection. Coddled in properly hygienic-tiled stalls were 42 little pigs, placidly ignorant of atomic perils. Leaping about with their elders in a wire-enclosed pen were two grey and white baby goats.

The young fry at Bethesda were the apparently healthy offspring of Bikini-blasted animals who had withstood the effects of radiation exposure. The two goats were born in December 1946, the pigs in April 1947. Six other goats aborted. The well-known female pig 311, which swam in radioactivated water for 24 hours and became the pet of newspaper correspondents at Bikini, has failed to reproduce.

Of the 176 Bikini-tested goats, 133 lived. Of these, nine were killed for study, and two reproduced. Of the 147 pigs, 106 lived. Nine were killed for study and eight reproduced. Only the animals exposed to very small doses of radioactivity were fertile; the others remained sterile. *Newsweek*

Prodigy or Medium?

Over a thousand people in Melbourne heard six-year-old Renee Martz, of Chicago, preach a sermon lasting nearly an hour. He also sang in Chinese, Eskimo and Russian, and led hymn singing with a toy trumpet.

The reader who sends me the cutting stating all this asks me whether the child is a prodigy or a medium. I think that mediumship is the most logical explanation of all child prodigies—whether they admit it or not. *Psychic News*

Mr. Punch Knocked Out

The Middlesex Education Committee has refused to sanction payment for Punch and Judy shows for children in its parks this summer. Objections were raised because of the effect on children's morale of Punch knocking his wife about. One member complained that Punch and Judy, though it may be entertainment, 'is not educational.'

This tender regard for Middlesex children's morale is touching. These same children can, however, at any time enter local cinemas, supposed to be supervised by the Middlesex local authorities and witness, in American films, brutalities of the most debased and sadistic kind. Clearly the Middlesex Education Committee has mislaid its sense of humour and proportion. *Truth*

'To Asswage Raging Pains'

¶ "*Take Aloes, Hermodactils and Scammony, of each half a dram; reduce them to subtil powder and make Pills thereof with Juice of Roses*" runs an old seventeenth-century prescription "to asswage the raging pains of gout and sciatica".

¶ Nowadays 'the raging pains of gout and sciatica' and all other rheumatic or nerve pains can be 'asswaged' safely and effectively in a few minutes — with 'Cogene'.

¶ 'Cogene' is not a single drug; it is a scientific combination in tablet form of four separate drugs, three of them pain relievers and the fourth a stimulant. It is one of the recent discoveries of medical science that a small quantity of a powerful drug will do the work of a large dose if it is backed by the right combination of other drugs in the right proportions. In 'Cogene' only a minute amount of each drug is present — thus avoiding any possibility of harmful after-effects— yet the scientific combination of all four is so effective that 'Cogene' will 'reach' even the most harassing nerve pain in a surprisingly short time.

¶ *But* — one word of warning — always remember that while 'Cogene' will relieve the pain, it cannot remove the *cause* of the pain: only a doctor or a dentist can do that. Supplies are limited, but your chemist will see you get *your* share. Price 1/1½d. a tube.

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The Nelson Tradition!

THE firm which made Lord Nelson's undervest (the garment is in the Maritime Museum at Greenwich) has been constantly adapting itself to the needs of the times ever since it was founded in 1787, so it was not surprising to find, on a recent visit to the vast factory of Brettle & Co. Ltd., at Belper, that this year's products include such up-to-the-minute garments as swimwear in nylon and cami-knickers in pure silk woven crêpe. In fact, most of the goods we saw in this factory struck us as quite the last word.

The nylon swim-suits were lined with winceyette! That rather lowered their quick-drying quality, but must have made all the difference in comfort. *Corsetry and Underwear*

How Nearly?

TWO young men, 1 for days, 1 for nights. Must be nearly dressed. Apply Monday 9 to 12 only. H. O. Wells, Pioneer Bldg.

Adv. in the St. Paul (Minn.) *Pioneer Press*

The Unjustified Gamble!

WHEN you marry you must have some place to live in, and some money to live on. You must see doctors, insurance men, house agents and bank managers. You must sign along several dotted lines and make extravagant wagers on your health and luck. You must take on yourself commitments which no man in his senses would dream of shouldering, and it is no consolation to remember that other lunatics have been doing the same thing since Adam began to work for a living. All you can do is to put your commonsense in cold storage and pray for that special grace which is denied to the overwise.

JOHN D. SHERIDAN in *I Laugh to Think* (Talbot Press, Dublin)

Nothing like Clarity!

THE title of the British film, 'The Rake's Progress', was in the U.S.A. altered to 'Notorious Gentleman' for fear the American public would think it was a documentary on gardening.

EVARTS SCUDDER, in *Transatlantic*

Off with his head!

A YEAR ago Akinson said that doctors examined D—— and would not operate because of his age. However, this time it was necessary to have his life. *Minneapolis Times*

Any Applicants?

YOUNG lady employed in office gives evening lessons in democracy after 6.

Darmstädter Echo, Darmstadt, Germany

TALK English in three, American in two months. Box 151–S.

Der Kurier, Vienna, Austria

ELECTRIC BABY WASHER—With wringer. Phone 567.

Adv. in the *Franklin (Ind.) Evening Star*

QUEUE companion wanted, young lady, 18 to 25, with martial spirit. *France-Soir*, Paris

YOUNG ladies required for butchering.

Epsom shop notice

Without Comment

THE man who confines his reading to *Sporting Life* and *No Orchids for Miss Blandish* looks down contemptuously on those 'primitive' peoples who still find their literature in the mouth of the story-teller and their drama in religious festivals. *India and the World*

Blow Your Horn, Gabriel!

GABRIEL and I watched some of them come, the men looking slightly self-conscious in their racing uniform, the women unsmiling, vertical lines of worry between their eyebrows, an anxious set to their mouths. For this was to them all—men and women—a solemn occasion.

We had not realised that Britain still sheltered so many people like these.

So many women so overcome by their own grandeur that their faces wore a mask in which boredom and discontent were equally proportioned. (Some of them would have been good-looking if only they could have managed to be natural.) And so many men of the 'fruity' type in which one never really believes until it appears in the flesh—skins mottled to a rich blend of red and purple, eyes half closed, lips slightly parted, jowls drooping, figures generously rounded.

'Make Believe at Ascot'
—*Daily Worker*

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